

THE QUEST OF NATIONS

A STUDY IN NATIONAL
AND INTERNATIONAL IDEALS

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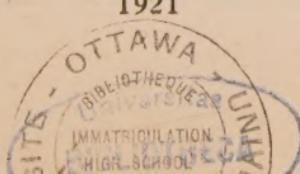
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DEDICATED
TO
MY NEPHEWS AND NIECES



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PROLOGUE

Then David the King stood up upon his feet, and said, Hear me, my brethren and my people: as for me, I had in mine heart to build an house of rest for the ark of the covenant of the Lord, and for the footstool of our God, and had made ready for the building: But God said unto me, Thou shalt not build an house for my name, because thou hast been a man of war, and hast shed blood. . . . Solomon thy son, he shall build my house and my courts. . . . Take heed now, for the Lord hath chosen thee to build an house for the sanctuary, be strong and do it.

IT was with the memory of this old story in my mind that I essayed to write this book, desiring to dedicate it to all those who during these coming years will be passing from school and college to the world's work. They belong to a generation who will always look back to their uncles and fathers and elder brothers as men of war. And we want them to know that we fought for a purpose and we dreamed of a Temple. And if they tell us that they find only a ruin, we make answer that our generation, and those that went before us, have in some measure 'made ready for the building.'

When we fought, we hoped that we also would build—after the war. And now, as we look back across two years of peace, our hearts are heavy, for

we have learnt how hard is the builders' task. But courage and faith and hope return as we listen—‘Solomon thy son, he shall build my house and my courts,’ and as we look into the faces of our sons and nephews.

The new age stands as yet
Half built against the sky,
Open to every threat
Of storms that clamour by:
Scaffolding veils the walls
And dim dust floats and falls
As moving to and fro, their tasks the
masons ply.

This book, then, is an attempt to explore some scaffolding and survey some of the material ‘made ready for the building’ by the generation who fought and by our great countrymen before us. Some scaffold poles may serve you yet; and it may be that among the stones you builders will find some few fit to serve as foundations, perhaps even some that are already in their place. But it is for you, whose life-work succeeds our fighting, to make your own specifications, plans and measurements and to build in the material of your choice.

We have talked of a League of Nations, and perhaps have made you weary of the name. You may call it what you will. Only there can be no doubt as to the supreme task before you—the building of the Temple of a new international life in which nations will find themselves as parts of a larger whole, and wherein each will be truly free

because they recognize an obligation and a loyalty beyond themselves.

In these pages, then, you will find a record of how in the last century great spirits among men have reached out towards this ideal ; how, in fragmentary ways perhaps, they have tried to fit pieces of it together. Although the scenes of the six chapters are so different you may, if you will, catch the theme that runs through them all, played in changing keys and with varying discords and harmonies. It is as though some Master Teacher of men were passing from one class-room to another, training older students and younger alike in the great lesson of human history—that no nation liveth to itself alone.

But what for our fathers was an ideal, is for you an urgent necessity. ‘For purposes connected with the bread men eat, with the clothes they wear, with the fuel without which the necessities of civilized life can neither be moved nor prepared, the world is a country inhabited by a single race.’¹ Out of all that this new condition might produce of national jealousies and suspicions, of anarchy and confusion, of hatred and war, and into all that this may mean of a new association of the nations for the benefit of all mankind, it is for you to find the way.

You will not love your country less as you take up this larger task. England—and this British Commonwealth of ours—will have a new glory as

¹ *The Round Table*, September 1920.

you see her in the wider setting. She will command a more royal allegiance as she finds her own dignity in a larger service.

Confidently and proudly we look to you. And as we watch you building, you and we alike will be conscious of a great company of unseen witnesses. They will cheer and help you more than we ; for among them are men who fought in all the armies—and some were friends of your boyhood whom you can never forget—men who gave their lives for their country, and for the hope of a better world, and for the Temple which you will build.

When Te Deums seek the skies
When the organ shakes the Dome,
A dead man shall stand
At each live man's hand—
For they also have come home.

THEODORE R. W. LUNT

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MIDDLESEX

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CHAPTER I

WHAT THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA ATTEMPTED AND WHAT IT FAILED TO ACHIEVE

But—a stirring thrills the air
Like to sounds of joyance there

 That the rages
 Of the ages

Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered
 from the darts that were,
Consciousness the Will informing, till It
 fashions all things fair !

THOMAS HARDY
The Dynasts

I

A LITTLE more than a century ago there assembled at Vienna the most splendid—and in a sense the most representative—gathering that history had ever known. The company was talented as well as brilliant and as influential as it was illustrious. All the statecraft and the scholarship of the world was at its service. The whole of Europe lay at its feet.

Francis I, Emperor of Austria, was the genial host; dignified, plump, epicurean and kindly, he is said to have spent thirty million florins on his hospitality. For guests he had five reigning sovereigns at least. Alexander I, Tsar of Russia, tall, burly, magnificent though careless in his dress, with an amiable expression upon his not handsome countenance, and eyes that were keenly intelligent but seldom steady; Frederick William III, King of Prussia, a plain, shy, honest-faced, awkward man with a wrecked and solitary look, concerned to bear himself with becoming Prussian dignity, but more than a little dependent upon the wit of his ministers to support it; these two claimed the seats of honour, while a whole crowd of Princes, Electors and What-nots ranged themselves below them. These represented the heterogeneous independent states and dukedoms of Central Europe, most of which, in a later day, were whipped by Bismarck into the German Federation. Talma,

the great French actor, summoned from Paris to entertain the brilliant party, declared afterwards that at Vienna he had ‘played to a pit of kings.’

Great Britain was there too, not in the person of her Regent but, according to her Constitution, in her minister, Lord Castlereagh, tall, handsome and reserved : his wide-set eyes, straight nose, tight-lipped mouth and strong but not obstinate jaw, betokened the wise, just, decisive man he was ;¹ his long tapering fingers, and his dress, exquisitely severe and plain, suggested the courtly manners whose suavity was never broken. The celebrated Talleyrand of France, a thin, frail figure with shrewd, cynical face and hair too blackly beautiful for powder, the very type of small assertive gentleman whom none could either harass or ignore, took his place without apology among the rest, since he had adroitly managed to persuade them that Napoleon only, and not the French people, had been to blame for the Napoleonic Wars. Portugal and Holland, Denmark and Sweden, Lombardy and Genoa, Venetia and Warsaw attended the Congress ; in fact every State in Europe was there except Turkey and Spain.

Over all presided the astute Metternich, Chancellor of Austria, thin-lipped, long-nosed, with inquisitive eyes ; a trusty and pleasant man enough in private life, unscrupulously faithful to his master’s and his country’s interests (as he conceived them) and

¹ His portrait may be seen in the National Portrait Gallery.

—as half a century of history was to prove—the *deus ex machina* of an autocracy whose best day was done. Around him there gathered the principal ministers of the leading nations of Europe, while the crowned heads and their ladies engaged in unparalleled social and political rivalry in the background.

The splendour of this gathering contrasted strangely with the condition of the Europe on whose behalf it was met. For twenty-two years the Continent had been at war. The battles had swung from Cadiz to Moscow, from Austerlitz to Quatre-Bras.¹ Napoleon's insatiable ambition had drained half the homes in Europe of their finest manhood. It had laid waste a continent, ruined its industries, pillaged its treasures, impoverished its heritage and left its population prostrate with exhaustion. Sorrow and loss overspread the present, crushing burdens of debt and taxation beclouded the future everywhere. ‘It was a continent of wearied spectators, who had long given up all interference in their own fate and knew not what catastrophe they were to hope or fear.’

The victors had little to unite them beyond the

¹ Almost every nation of Europe had been involved—France and Germany, Great Britain and Portugal, Russia, Austria, the Netherlands, Italy and Spain. And the European war had found tragic echoes in Egypt and India, in South Africa, and even across the Atlantic Ocean.

general relief and joy that somehow Europe had been saved at last. Napoleon had always known how to sow discord and mistrust among allies, as well as he knew how to break their strength in battle. Some he had cajoled and threatened till they yielded to his will. Some had alternately stood neutral or tepidly joined the coalition—according as the omens seemed to foretell victory for or against Napoleon. Again and again splendid armies had lain broken and helpless before him, or had scattered to their distant homes, as one ally after another gave up the struggle in despair. England alone during two and twenty years had never cried craven, never yielded, never ceased to fight. Now though her soil had remained inviolate she was sorely wounded and weakened.

II

Napoleon had abdicated in April 1814. It was seven months later that the Conference met, its delegates lumbering in heavy stage-coaches through November weather, down the ancient highways which, like the spokes of a giant wheel, linked the circumference of Europe with the hub—Vienna.

Here, during many months, were concentrated the eager hopes and anxious aspirations of two hundred million people. Thither was drawn also as to a vortex every manner of plot, cabal, machination and intrigue that diplomacy and statecraft had ever unhappily nurtured.

The personages upon whom depended the destinies of Europe, around whom played the forces of the tangled present and of the encumbering past, were after all very human beings.

Metternich represented his master at the head of the Council table, competent, dexterous, suave, conscious of the necessity of putting a good complexion upon the theories and ambitions of the House of Hapsburg, and never flagging in his devotion to its interest. The Emperor was more than content to leave affairs in his competent hands. ‘If it is a matter of politics I must refer it to my Chancellor, if of religion to my Confessor,’ was his typical rejoinder to troublesome questions.

Frederick William of Prussia, reserved and cautious, suffering all the while conflicting advice from Prince von Hardenberg and Humboldt—*Le Sophisme Incarné*—on the one hand, and from Blucher (who wanted to carve France up into German States) on the other, was pestered by the minor German Princes who claimed him as their advocate and over whom he was anxious to assert a more definite ascendancy.

Lord Castlereagh was a man of transparent probity and fairmindedness, whose high standard of duty more than compensated for an unadventurous intellect. Moreover, he was less fettered than his fellow-counsellors, inasmuch as Britain had no primary self-interest in the drawing of Continental

frontiers. On the other hand, he had, for his country, to watch the question of the freedom of the seas. England was also concerned about the slavery business ; and, having been forced to yield the independence of her colonies in North America, was not anxious that Spain should be allowed to retain hers in the South. These were but three of the many subsidiary threads caught into the general tangle and contributing to the choking of the whole machine.

The Tsar Alexander was easily the most interesting personality of the Congress. He was a man of many parts and of unexpected qualities. His reputation had been chequered. His character, streaked with Slav mysticism, had varied phases. His emotional temperament had incalculable moods. His ministers did not find him easy to manage. He was one of those people whose views reflect—at one time or another—the company they keep. The story of his autocratic and ambitious rule in Russia, of his often irrational and arbitrary adventures in foreign diplomacy—now playing to Napoleon and against the Allies, now with the Allies and against Napoleon—had made men forget that in early days he had had for tutor one La Harpe, a pupil of Rousseau. From him it seems the Tsar had imbibed certain liberal ideas with which he from time to time astounded the Congress and Metternich in particular. He had worked out some very charming schemes of con-

stitutional liberty and of enlarged franchise to be applied to Swiss Cantons, Italian States, to the Belgic Provinces of the Netherlands—anywhere, in fact, but within his own dominions. In addition to this he was deeply and—according to his own lights at any rate—sincerely religious, with a great respect for the Christian religion as a bulwark of the things that are, rather than as the inspiration of men who, like its earliest followers, turned the world upside down. He had already attested his belief in the possibility of establishing permanent peace. ‘The time will come,’ he had written with his own hand in the preamble to the Treaty of Kalisch (1813), ‘when treaties will be observed with that religious faith, that sacred inviolability on which depend the reputation, the strength and the preservation of Empires.’ And during the Congress itself he wrote to his friend and spiritual adviser, Baroness von Krudner, describing a dream in which he had seen himself with the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia emerging from the Congress in a Holy alliance to keep the peace, ‘like the Magi of the East recognizing the authority of God our Saviour.’

Such were the ‘Big Four’ of the Congress of Vienna, around whom were grouped not only their own supporters but also the potentates of all the lesser powers—friend, foe and neutral. So that the Congress presented a scene without parallel in

history—all Europe assembled around a common council table.¹ That was its great opportunity.

But the thing which gave the Congress even greater significance was that the leaders of all these nations assembled there not merely to draft the terms of peace to be dictated to a defeated foe, nor simply to redraw the map of Europe, nor even to repair the ruins of the war: they came with the deliberate and expressed purpose of laying the foundations of a permanent European peace.

The common people of all Europe passionately demanded this and no less. They required of the Congress that some way be found of releasing them from the crushing burden of huge national armies, of putting an end for ever to ‘Napoleons’ and of establishing some rule of right among nations which would make war unnecessary—if not impossible.

Such ideas were not new. There had been earlier prophets of international peace and pioneers of Leagues of Nations.² Again and again, after long-drawn years of fighting and bitterness, exhausted peoples had demanded war-settlements which should provide for lasting peace. But such agreements, at best, could only serve as patchwork alliances between individual nations or groups of

¹ Except that the representatives of Spain petulantly came and went, and that Turkey was—for the occasion at any rate—refused recognition as a *European power*.

² Most notable among them the Abbé Saint Pierre in the 18th century in France, whose profound writings were ardently studied and in some degree followed by the Congress of Vienna.

nations, liable to be broken in upon or to have their balance upset by any outside Power.

But all Europe met at Vienna, and upon the Council there pressed a demand from the whole Continent at once for a fair and lasting settlement. Nor was this demand of sudden growth. Its roots lay deep in the agony of a quarter of a century of perpetual war. Men had talked through these long years—as we have talked in our day—as though the one thing needed to usher in the era of peace was to defeat a single tyrannous ambition. They had spoken then—during the struggles of the Peninsular—of ‘the war to end war,’ of the fight that was to yield a new and better world of permanent fellowship and mutual confidence among the nations—of Christendom at least. It is strange and pathetic now to reflect that the very catchwords with which the Allies of 1914 inspired and consoled themselves and one another, had been coined for the headlines in the newspapers which were coming into general use a hundred years ago.

Nor was it among the peoples only that peace ideals were strong. We have seen how in his dreamy way the Tsar came to Vienna intent on playing a leading part in a Holy Alliance of Christendom. And it is clear from the diplomatic correspondence that since the days of the first coalitions and alliances against Napoleon the rulers of Europe had pledged themselves to try, when victory came, to find some better method than

war for clipping the wings of autocratic ambition, protecting national frontiers and settling disputes. England was committed to the idea. Ten years earlier, when negotiations were in progress for the ‘Third Coalition’ (in 1804–5), Pitt, the British Prime Minister, had written to the Tsar :

‘It appears necessary that there should be concluded at the period of the general pacification, a general treaty by which the European powers should mutually guarantee each other’s possessions. Such a treaty would lay the foundation in Europe of a system of public right and would contribute as much as seems possible to repress future enterprises directed against tranquillity, and, above all, render abortive every project of aggrandisement similar to those which have produced all the disasters of Europe since the calamitous era of the French Revolution.’

It seems clear that the eager expectancy which drew the delegates together and which focussed the gaze of two hundred million people upon the Congress of Vienna in 1815 was at least as ardent, if not as prudent, as the aspirations which centred upon the Conference at Versailles assembling in 1918. In spite of war-weariness and reaction, Europe was in an exalted frame of mind. Hope ran high. Idealism was in the air. Cynics snarled unheeded.

In this mood the Congress of Vienna began with acts of magnanimity. It made extremely easy terms for France, and showed extraordinary leniency towards Napoleon, the arch-cause of all the trouble,

until he broke his parole and returned from Elba for that last dramatic struggle of the ‘Hundred Days’ which closed in his final ruin at Waterloo. The Congress had been willing to let France go without indemnity. It had not even insisted upon the restoration of the treasure which Napoleon had plundered. It had even allowed Talleyrand, the Minister of France, to have a seat at its table, and had accepted his suggestion to restore a Bourbon Louis to the French throne. Thus it sat from the first with a unique semblance of a League of Nations—competent and ready at least to hear all sides of every question.

These things represented the very solid achievement of the Europe of a century ago—the idealism, the definite expectancy and plan, the attempted impartiality towards smaller states, the deliberate efforts to subdue hatred and bitterness, the clemency shown to a defeated foe and the unique gathering of all Europe, victor and vanquished, ally and neutral, in common council. It is for these things, and for the lasting impression that they made upon the mind of succeeding generations, that the Congress of Vienna forms the inevitable starting-point for any study of international relationships in our modern world.

III

Yet undoubtedly the verdict of history pronounces that the Congress of Vienna failed. Its

failure has passed into a byword. It promised to bring forth world peace, and it produced a series of alliances which soon became rival balances of power. It was expected to usher in an era of tranquil prosperity, and it was speedily followed by a series of national upheavals and revolutions unparalleled. Superficial politicians have argued that this is what always comes of aiming too high. Others have pointed out that to reap a harvest of all good things you must not merely talk about them, but you must be very careful what you sow. It is clear that we may easily be misled by the failure of the Congress, unless we seek sympathetically to understand and impartially to weigh the many distracting forces and conflicting motives which played across that conference table.

Of these entanglements and difficulties we must therefore seek to form some fair estimate.

(1) After a quarter of a century of continental war, to draw the new map of Europe was in itself a complicated business enough. It involved an even harder task than merely undoing what Napoleon had done, or reconstructing what he had laid waste. The very fabric of European life had been shattered. Foundations had floated off in the flood, frontiers had shifted, dynasties had fallen, old values had disappeared, new ideals had arisen. Fresh interests required consideration, young nations demanded protection. Men felt then, as men have felt in our day, that the polity

as well as the map of Europe must be constructed afresh.

(2) Nor, even so, was the course by any means as clear as it appeared. The very process of defeating Napoleon had cumbered the ground. The conditions of alliance had required agreements—and even entangling agreements—between the Allies. Not a nation entered the Congress with free hands. Mutual suspicions and private bargains handcuffed the players. Fresh secret treaties showed their ugly heads at each fresh session. Intermingling in it all there moved the selfish interests of ruling monarchs, the rivalries of petty princes, the jealousies and claims of dynastic family relationships.

(3) But there were worse entanglements even than these, fiercer-barbed and deeper driven. The lack of definite principles of government and the chaotic politics of even the most influential nations seemed to confound the only axioms upon which a lasting international settlement could be based. No nation was able to see the moral issues clearly because in its own internal politics these issues were confused.

Austria, for instance, remained Austria only by denying to her subject peoples that freedom and justice by which alone a righteous and lasting settlement of Europe could have been reached.

Germany was a congeries of petty principalities.

Italy was merely a ‘geographical expression’ as Metternich himself declared.

The fragmentary States of Poland had to pay the price of affording a passage to Napoleon's army, and the only question was whether that price should be paid to Prussia or to Russia.

Spain was more like an unpinned Mills bomb than anything, bound to explode before long in red revolution—but nobody knew when.

France herself could not decide whether she was a Republic or an Empire; and Talleyrand was willing to have it either way, so long as France gained in the bargaining.

England, worn out and almost insolvent, was in the throes of terrible economic distress, and was fully occupied in learning to adjust herself to the burden of a growing Empire beyond the seas.

Such were some of the practical difficulties with which the Conference soon found itself confronted, and such the influences which confused its purpose and drained its strength.

The Congress in fact put to sea, and losing sight of the old landmarks found itself without a compass and without knowledge of the heavens. What wonder that it was soon alternately running before the wind or tossing helplessly in the rough waves.

We need not here concern ourselves with the territorial adjustments which the Congress made. It composed a new map of Europe compounded of good intentions, political bargainings, dynastic claims, military frontiers and the prestige of aristocratic families.

crats. It expressed no clear moral ideal, no political virtue.

But the Congress did produce a result which was meant to be permanent. From it there issued the Quadruple Alliance whereby the rulers of Great Britain, Austria, Prussia and Russia agreed ‘in order to facilitate and secure the execution of the present Treaty and to consolidate the connections which, at the present moment, so happily unite the four sovereigns for the happiness of the world . . . to renew their meetings at fixed periods . . . for the purpose of consulting upon their common interests and for consideration of the measures which, at each of these periods, shall be considered the most salutary for the repose and prosperity of nations and for the maintenance of the peace of Europe.’

But the Quadruple Alliance was short-lived. Great Britain broke away, and for good reason, as we shall see, leaving the three other Powers in a Holy Alliance which announced itself in those high-sounding pious phrases at which the Tsar was so adept, but which achieved little good and soon divided Europe into two bitterly antagonistic groups.

The members of the Holy Alliance had no other object, they said, ‘than to publish in the face of the whole world their fixed resolution . . . to take for their sole guide the precepts of that holy religion —namely, the precepts of Justice, Christian Charity and Peace—which from being applicable only to

private concerns, must have an immediate influence upon the counsels of Princes and guide all their steps. . . . Conformably to the words of the Holy Scriptures . . . the three monarchs will remain united by the bonds of a true and indissoluble fraternity.' They further undertook to 'consider themselves all as members of one and the same Christian nation,' and they exhorted their peoples 'to strengthen themselves more and more in the principles and exercise of the duties which the Divine Saviour has taught to all mankind.'¹

IV

How was it, then, that the Congress failed in its high purpose ?

First, it should be understood that although the members of the Congress must have felt to some extent the pressure of public opinion, they were none of them chosen national leaders. Almost all of them were either autocrats, or the nominees of autocrats, who retained their positions by virtue of mediæval traditions of Government, not unsupported by Machiavellian tactics. They were not—in the sense that the members of the Conference of Versailles were—the elected representatives of their respective nations. Those were the days before the Reform Bill in England, yet even so, Castlereagh was far nearer to being the accredited spokesman of his people than any other

¹ The Declaration of the Holy Alliance.

delegate at the Congress. The rest were hereditary kings or the creatures of kings, and represented at most a class or a clique in each country. Few of them felt secure in their position. Small wonder if the task which bulked largest in their minds was not how to make the world safe for peoples, but how to make it *safe for kings*. This conception of their duty gave an unreality to their counsels, and ultimately, as we shall see, brought their best schemes to nought.

There were other respects in which the whole thought and outlook of the Councillors were still further removed from the realities of the life surging around them for which they proposed to legislate. Mighty forces were at work in Europe at that time to which the members of the Congress deliberately shut their eyes. The war, whose wounds they were met to heal, had followed upon—and in a sense had been the outcome of—one of the most momentous intellectual, spiritual and political cataclysms of human history.

When in the spring of 1789 the first symptoms of the Revolution appeared in Paris, it had seemed to outsiders that the French people were engaged in a merely ephemeral and ‘local’ conflict between their three houses of Parliament—the *États Généraux*. And even when, three months later, the crowd captured the arms and ammunition in the depot at the Invalides, rushed the Bastille and imposed its will upon the king, the rulers and statesmen

of other countries regarded the whole affair as a factional revolt against an excessive paternalism, or a passing madness of the French temperament.

But when with passionate declarations of principles which were certainly neither ephemeral nor local, and with a ruthless logic which was far from madness, the Revolutionary leaders formulated their demand to be governed by a single Chamber so that the representatives of common people might have a decisive influence in government, and set forth their *Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen*, when men began to study Rousseau's matchless exegesis of the *Contrat Social*,¹ when Rouget de l'Isle had set France ringing to the music of the 'Marseillaise,' and when especially the whole French people epitomized their demands in three ringing notes forming a single chord Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité, which reverberated not across France only but across the whole Continent from Lisbon to Bucharest, then, at least, the rulers of that Continent might have been expected to take notice and take warning.

But indeed, during the years of terror which had followed, discordant popular tumults and the din of sledges, axes and gunpowder had drowned the sound of any clear ideal notes. There was an

¹ 'All the business of democracy as based upon the only moral authority in a state . . . is developed in Rousseau's extraordinary achievement which, much more than any other writing not religious, has affected the destiny of mankind.'—Hilaire Belloc, *The French Revolution*, p. 33.

impatience, a recklessness and an inconsistency about the methods—and not a few of the leaders—of the French Revolution which history will never condone. The right of every life to freedom, the doctrine of the essential equality of man, the ideal of human brotherhood, these are transcendent truths. When nations suddenly awake to believe them, the very truths are dangerous because they are so self-evident and fundamental. So it was in those days. Men did not stop to define them. They did not balance them with other facts. They did not face the issues squarely or discipline themselves to their demands. They longed to blazon them in letters of fire upon the national sky. And for that they trampled under foot with their conduct the very truths which they went on crusade to proclaim.

Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité ! Down with the Bourbons and the autocracy of Kings ! Down with the feudal system which impoverished the peasant ! Down with the corporations which tyrannized over the poor ! Down with all that belonged to the ‘unequal’ past, the dead hand of Universities, the conservatism of a moribund Church ! The common people of France finding no better way to destroy these things, Danton and Robespierre and their fellows had set about it with steel and gunpowder.

This conception of a people’s life which burst with such blinding brilliance and sense of newness

upon the consciousness of the French in 1789 had been coming more gently into the political life of eighteenth-century England.¹ Byron and Shelley already were singing its songs. And throughout our later history its principles have been finding halting but gradual expression through Chartist Riots and Reform Bills, and are still at work wherever British policy opens the gate of opportunity more widely or narrows the possibilities of injustice and exaction.

But in those days on the Continent, where thought was more turbulent, where irregular political organizations were persecuted, and where doors were bolted fast against the influence of the common people, ideas burned beneath the surface until their energy could be subdued no longer, and they burst forth into a freedom which involved terrible destruction.

What began in France had spread quickly throughout Continental Europe until it had seemed that the very foundations of life were shaking. Even Burke was frightened. What wonder, then, that the cries of the Revolution had struck terror into the hearts of Continental autocrats? Such men had seen only destruction in the new demand for freedom. They had stood aghast at the spectacle of France hewing down her old institutions without reserve, and without reverence. How could they, whose thrones and dynasties were founded upon the

¹ Since the English Revolution of 1688.

principles of autocracy, understand the genius of a movement whose battle-cries were Freedom, Equality, and Brotherhood? As for the further issues which these words raised, ‘Nationality’ would have broken Austria into a dozen antagonistic parts: ‘Democracy’ would have blown the Hapsburgs sky-high.

Even the menace of Napoleon’s ambition had seemed a relief from such a nightmare! And now surely twenty-two years of war had extinguished the subterranean fires which they had feared! Europe wanted stability! Surely they could provide that with their hereditary dynasties? Prudence, they thought, counselled them to ignore the Revolution and its ideas, and to build the new world with their thrones once more for its corner stones.

And there were arguments, plausible enough, to support this view. Looking round in 1815 there was little sign of revolutionary flame. It burned low beneath the crust of war-weariness and inertia. And during the period of the war it had been heavily banked by other pressing cares or had flamed confused in other conflagrations.

Moreover, the story of the last twenty-five years seemed to prove their case. The very nation which had dethroned a King had welcomed a Dictator. And if Louis XVI had fallen, Napoleon Bonaparte had much more than taken his place. The same crowd which had demanded a Republic had acclaimed an Empire. Those who had talked most of personal

liberty had accepted the sternest discipline of the Imperial Army and followed Napoleon to death. Indeed it was the master-stroke of Napoleon's amazing genius that he had managed to focus the hopes of Revolutionary France upon himself until the *poilu* felt as he followed him that he was following the very incarnation of the spirit of 1789.¹ And Napoleon's constructive genius knew how to nurture this loyalty. He advertised—in quite revolutionary language—the alluring rights of citizenship which he proposed to bestow upon all who acknowledged him Emperor of Europe. He talked much of the brotherhood of nations, which all would enjoy under his rule. He dressed up the very codes and catchwords of the Revolution in Imperial garments and adapted them into the famous *Code Napoléon*.

Yet if it be true that it was the spirit of the Revolution which gave Napoleon his power; it was that same spirit also which defeated him. The French might see in him the fulfiller of their new hopes. But the nations whom his ambition threatened saw him otherwise. The fear of a foreign dominance aroused in Europe in the beginning of the nineteenth century an intense patriotic spirit which had never been possible before, and which owed its genesis to the French Revolution.

¹ 'The French people during the revolutionary wars made short work of parliamentary theory, and found it a more national thing to follow a soldier (being by that time all soldiers themselves), and to incarnate in a dictator the will of the nation.'—Hilaire Belloc, *The French Revolution*, p. 26.

For the imperious demand that every citizen should have an equal voice and share in the government of his country (which was the primary political claim of the Revolution) was bound to create a new and deep concern on the part of those citizens as to the nature, constitution and character of the nations in whose affairs they claimed to take part. Thus the era of new personal freedom ushered in the century whose most notable feature was the growth of conscious nationalities and patriotisms throughout Europe.

So while Napoleon had pandered to democracy when he held before the French people (and any others who would accept his rule) the prospect of a privileged citizenship in the Empire of unparalleled magnificence which he hoped to establish, his unbridled ambition had lashed the nascent consciousness of nationality into patriotism all over Europe, as he threatened the very existence of one nation after another.¹ This new spirit of nationality and of intense patriotism, born in a real sense from the French Revolution, proved to be the great constructive and formative influence of the nineteenth century in Europe. And we shall see it sweeping on to recreate Asiatic races

¹ ‘No one contributes so much to light the flames of national patriotism as the conqueror who, by trying to destroy a nation, gives to it the opportunity of showing that it is inspired by the unconquerable spirit of liberty, by whose appeal the meanest soul cannot fail to be thrilled.’—Ramsay Muir, *Nationalism and Internationalism*, p. 43.

in the twentieth. Had Napoleon arisen earlier he might well have been welcomed as a benevolent despot. In the nineteenth century he was an anachronism. Therefore it was that he who had once complained that he 'suffocated in old Europe' was now ruling a mock Empire in Elba.¹

The ideas of the French Revolution were no new invention. They are as old as the spirit of man. We can see them at work early in the book of Exodus. Plato's *Republic* is full of them. But again and again in history they have burst forth with the freshness and force of a new revelation. It has seemed to be the task of each fresh era of history to give to them a fuller content and a larger meaning. Indeed it appears that the vitality of generations and of races may be measured by the progress made in giving truer and larger embodiment to these essential ideals, which express the hunger of every human spirit for fuller life and opportunity and the refusal of free souls to be coerced or enslaved. And just because this hunger is one of the deepest and most elemental instincts in the soul of man, so the right to its satisfaction is a fundamental postulate of the Christian Gospel whose unique message it is, that it is the purpose of God to deliver men from the bonds of sin and the dominion of self-seeking into the Kingdom where, in the glorious

¹ The Congress of Vienna, of course, assembled before the episode of the 'Hundred Days'; and was indeed interrupted by it, to resume sitting after Waterloo.

liberty of the children of God, they by love shall serve one another.

Nothing short of this is the ideal set forth by Jesus Christ. That is why the nations of Christendom ought to be politically progressive.

Assuredly we need not blame serious and well-meaning people of a century ago because they did not recognize beneath the frenzies of the French Revolution a stirring in the heart of man which arose from the divine element within him. But, at least, we can take to ourselves the lesson that men's highest aspirations—and the fulfilment of the purposes of Jesus—lie not in the past, but are always in front beckoning our spirits on.

V

We can see now, in some measure, how it was that the Councillors at Vienna lost the way, and how they failed Europe in a moment of unprecedented opportunity. They stood in the dawn of a new day. But they did not recognize the sun. The tide of a deeper and fuller life was rising, but they ignored or feared it. Had they trusted themselves upon its current and kept their helm steady, they might have been borne in those days to shores which mankind has not yet reached. Refusing to trust themselves to the stream of human progress, they and their fine schemes were overwhelmed by the flood.

Even while the Council deliberated, the ideas

of the revolutionaries—proclaiming the ultimate sovereignty of peoples, not of kings—were gaining in coherence and spreading over larger areas. By the time the Congress closed those ideas were burning in France more intensely—if less fiercely—than in 1789. Prussia and the German States were smouldering. Small fires were kindling in the heart of the dozen different peoples over whom the Emperor of Austria reigned. Spain and Portugal were full of explosive elements. Everywhere the revolution, assuming an increasingly definite political form, was preparing the issue which the Councillors of Vienna were determined to resist—and to resist together.

In 1820 Cadiz exploded. Portugal blazed up, and then Italy.

The Tsar wanted to march an army promptly into Spain to support King Ferdinand, whom Napoleon had imposed and the Congress had established upon the throne of the unwilling Spanish people. Metternich, who had already presented his master with several Italian provinces, desired to ‘restore order’ in southern Italy and proposed an ‘army of occupation’ for the purpose.

The issue had become plain indeed. Was it after all the business of the Congress to decide who sat on the throne of Spain? Or whether Spain should have a throne at all? Had Austria any right to interfere in the few provinces remaining to Italy? If any nation desired to become a Republic, were neighbouring monarchs called upon

to interfere ? Were they in fact merely an alliance of Kings ?—or of Peoples ?

Or, again, was it the function of the Congress to settle the internal affairs of any nation ? to obstruct the popular will ? to impose its own views ? In short, was the Congress (or the Alliance it set up) to be a supernational or an international body ?

Metternich and his master pressed their right to protect the Austrian frontier against Italian insurrection. England conceded this within limits—if Austrian interests were threatened in Italy, she might intervene to protect them provided that ‘she engages in this undertaking with no views of aggrandizement and that her plans are limited to objects of self-defence’¹—but refused to allow it to be done in the name of the Alliance. As for the proposal of the Tsar for further adventures in Spain, Lord Canning—who had by this time succeeded Castlereagh—would have none of it, and sooner than be a party to any such proceedings, broke away from the Quadruple Alliance, leaving the Continental trio to work out their Holy Alliance for themselves.²

¹ The instructions of Lord Castlereagh to Lord Stewart, whom he sent to watch the proceedings at the Congress of Troppau, Sept. 16th, 1820.

² Lord Canning gave the following instructions to the Duke of Wellington, the British representative at the Congress of Verona, in 1822 : ‘While there was no sympathy, and would be none, between England and Revolutionaries and Jacobins—she would insist upon “the rights of nations to set over themselves whatever form of Government they thought best, and to be left free to manage their own affairs so long as they left other nations to manage theirs.”’

Thus it was, and upon these very definite issues, that the Alliance broke, and with it the work of the Congress of Vienna—a Congress towards which the heart of Europe had yearned with almost limitless hope. The people had asked of it a permanent alliance of Europe. It had constituted itself a mutual insurance society for kings. Instead of basing its work upon the freedom of nations, it assumed their subjugation. Instead of leading the way towards political progress and the development of freedom, it stood for the *status quo* and for autocracy.

The heritage it has left us is the inspiration of its original high idealism and the warnings we may learn from its failure to achieve. It stands upon the highway of human history as a memorable ruin, but in it the nations found no shelter, for it was built upon the sand.

CHAPTER II

HOW MAZZINI LAID THE FOUNDATIONS OF A GREAT NATION

It was wrought not with hands to smite,
Nor hewn after swordsmiths' fashion,
Nor tempered on anvil of steel ;
But with visions and dreams of the night
But with hope, and the patience of
passion,
And the signet of love for a seal.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE
To Joseph Mazzini

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

The Book of Psalms

I

ON a Sunday morning in April 1821 an Italian boy was walking down the ancient Strada Nuova, in the city of Genoa, with his mother and a friend of the family. The party was stopped by a tall, black-bearded man of severe countenance and fiery eyes. He held out a white handkerchief towards them, saying merely, ‘For the refugees of Italy.’ The mother and her friend dropped coins into the handkerchief and the trio passed on.

‘That day was the first’—so the boy wrote long years afterwards—‘in which a confused idea presented itself to my mind that we Italians *could* and therefore *ought* to struggle for the liberty of our country.’ From that day onwards the thought of the tall dark man and of the refugees of whom he spoke ‘pursued me wherever I went by day and mingled with my dreams by night.’

Those were the times when the Emperor Francis was carrying out his threat—which broke the Quadruple Alliance established by the Congress of Vienna—of suppressing and annexing the fair province of Piedmont under the pretext of watching the Austrian frontier and hemming in the Italian Revolution.¹ Every day the couriers brought shameful news of the advance of the Austrians and—what was far worse—of the defection and treachery of Italian troops.

¹ *Vide Chapter I*, pp. 31 and 32.

The Congress of Vienna had left Italy divided between foreign Powers and petty princes mostly of alien blood. Ferdinand the Bourbon ruled over the two Sicilies, the Pope was again master of the 'States of the Church,' Austria had carved off Lombardy and Venetia, Marie Louise (Napoleon's second wife) had been installed in the Duchy of Parma. Tuscany and Modena had been assigned to Austrian princes. The only semblance of a united Italy was the kingdom of Savoy, over which, united with Piedmont and Genoa, King Victor Emmanuel I now reigned. But already the armies of Austria had their heel on Piedmont, and they were negotiating for Savoy.

An era of three centuries of foreign domination seemed to be closing in blank despair. Those who loved Italy most deeply had been banished from the country. They were the 'refugees.' Those who remained seemed content to allow Austria and France to absorb Italy's provinces—at any rate they were not willing to die to win her freedom or her unity.

The boy, with childish sentiment, resolved to dress in black—to mourn for his country. Morbidly he started reading Dante, and learned to venerate him, not as a poet but as the father of the Italian people. He found a new meaning in his school books, in the *Histories of Livy* and the *Annals of Tacitus*, in the story of ancient Rome. He studied the news from France, and devoured the literature

of the French Revolution and of the period of ardent patriotism which followed it.

The boy's natural bent was for art and literature, especially for art. And the thing which at the first gnawed deepest at his heart was the realization that Italy, which had in the great painters and sculptors of her renaissance reached out beyond all other nations in interpreting the infinite in beauty and colour and form—the Italy of Leonardo, of Michael Angelo, of Raphael—had now fallen from her pre-eminence because she had lost the *nationality* of her art, the very spirit of her genius. True art, to him, was not a matter of caprice or luck or accident, but must grow right out of the common heart and corporate ideals of a united and aspiring people. So he traced the decadence of Italy's art to the decline of patriotism broken by three centuries of servitude, and to the divisions and mutilations forced upon her by her neighbours. To him the only way to a recovery of Italy's true genius lay through the achievement of her unity and freedom. The road to art lay through politics. And before his full manhood dawned, Giuseppe Mazzini turned from the art he loved to the politics he disliked. He deliberately dedicated his life to a heroic, and apparently hopeless, struggle.

II

Eleven years later Mazzini in the heyday of his fiery young manhood was an exile from Italy. An agent of the secret police had trapped him executing

some petty commission for the Carbonari. He was committed to jail, and after six months there was tried and, although acquitted, was banished from the country he loved and to which he had dedicated his life. He had crossed the frontier to France and had led a hunted life, journeying from city to city gathering around him everywhere kindred spirits in exile for similar ‘crimes.’ But the passion of his soul had burned unabated. He made a series of adventures in journalism and political pamphleteering, and his friends had contrived to have his publications smuggled into the Italian cities, where they were read voraciously. Thus there had grown up two parties, one within Italy and the other of refugees beyond her borders, working towards a common goal and sharing a growing ideal of Italy united and free.

But this amounted in those days to treason, for it was not possible to unite Italy without dethroning the petty reigning sovereigns of her separated States who themselves were the puppets of Metternich. To raise the cry of a united Italy was to declare war not merely on seven or eight States, but upon the sinister omnipotence of Austria.

Once at least Mazzini had dared to hope that a king might side with the people. That was soon after Carlo Alberto had succeeded to the throne of Sardinia in 1831. It was known that in former days Alberto had associated with liberal-minded friends and had given expression to views that

seemed to suggest a larger loyalty to Italian blood. Mazzini—ingrained republican though he was—had been willing to join hands with a patriotic king, and had addressed him in a formal letter offering therein the loyal adherence and support of the growing group of young Italians of whom he was now the acknowledged but irregular leader. In the letter he said :

'There is not a heart in Italy whose pulse did not quicken at the news of your accession ; there is not an eye in Europe that is not turned to watch your first steps in the career now opened to you. . . .

*'The People are no longer to be quieted by a few concessions ; they seek the recognition of those rights of humanity which have been withheld from them for ages. They demand laws and liberty, independence and union. Divided, dismembered, and oppressed they have neither name nor country. They have heard themselves stigmatized by the foreigner as the *Helot Nation*. They have seen free men visit their country, and declare it the land of the dead. They have drained the cup of slavery to the dregs, but they have sworn never to fill it again. . . .*

'All Italy waits for one word—one only—to make herself yours. Proffer this word to her. Place yourself at the head of the Nation and write on your Banner : "UNION, LIBERTY, INDEPENDENCE." Proclaim the liberty of thought. Declare yourself the indicator, the interpreter of Popular Rights, the regenerator of all Italy. Liberate her from the Barbarians.

'Build up the future ; give your name to a Century ; begin a new era from your day. . . . Select the way that accords with the desire of the Nation ; maintain it unalterably ; be firm and await your time ; you have the Victory in your hands.'

'Sire, on these conditions we bind ourselves round you, we proffer you our lives, we will lead to your Banner the little States of Italy. We will paint to our brothers the advantages that are born of Union ; we will promote national subscriptions, patriotic gifts ; we will preach the word that creates armies. . . . Unite us, Sire, and we shall conquer.'

It is probable that King Alberto might have responded, but for the cracking of Metternich's whip behind his ear. But he knew that he could not hope unaided to stay an Austrian army, nor could he expect military assistance from the small potentates of the other provinces who were dependent upon the protection of Austria to keep them on their thrones, and who therefore had decided personal objections to the idea of an Italy united and free.

So Carlo Alberto and the Moderate Reform Party played for safety, and Mazzini lost faith both in kings and compromises. 'I do not believe that the salvation of Italy can be achieved now or at any future time by Prince, Pope or King,' he declared. 'The true emancipation of the peoples can only be effected through the conscience of the peoples.'

Thus Mazzini came to think more clearly, constructively, definitely. 'There seem to be two opposing

principles which still strive for the domination of the Universe—*Privilege and the People.*'

So far he had worked in a loose co-operation with the Moderate Reform Party on the right hand, but he broke away from them when they accepted Carlo Alberto's timid compromises. He now broke away also from the Carbonari on his left. He had been thrown into an uncertain and uncomfortable association with them, for they were anti-dynastic and so, in the circumstances, was he. But beyond this he shared nothing with them. For the Carbonari sought to build upon a negative. Their programme did not look beyond the destruction of despotism. When the question was asked, 'What authority will you set up when you have broken the power of the alien princes whose rule holds Italy in divided servitude ?' they had no constructive proposals. Mazzini's answer was unequivocal—'*the sovereignty of the Italian people.*'

The Carbonari, in fact, were hazy internationalists who preached a 'larger loyalty,' but affected to ignore the instinct and the claims of patriotism. 'Carbonarism,' Mazzini said, 'appeared to me as a huge powerful body without a head, deficient in the science of logic which should have reduced the sentiment of nationality . . . to fruitful action.'

To Mazzini the nation was a divine idea, a necessary rung in the ladder of human progress ; and only the atmosphere of a united people and the incentive of a burning patriotism would enable men to rise to

their full stature in character or achievement. It was impossible for him to associate himself with any group of people who did not share this faith.

Mazzini's break with the Carbonari relieved him of a following of aged discontents who knew not where they wanted to go, but it left him the acknowledged leader of all the young Italian idealists scattered by persecution and banishment in every country of Europe, and also of a large number lying hid beneath the life of the Italian provinces.

'Place youth at the head of the insurgent multitude,' he said. 'You know not the secret of the power hidden in these youthful hearts, nor the magic influence exercised on the masses by the voice of youth. You will find among the young a host of apostles of the new religion.' He saw the necessity of forming a definite organization which would link together in glowing fellowship and in intelligent unity of purpose those who were willing to dedicate their lives to the ideal of an Italy united and free.

III

So in 1831 Mazzini founded the famous Association of 'Young Italy.' By 1835, in spite of all that kings and their statesmen could do to suppress it, it had sixty thousand members.

'*Young Italy is a brotherhood,*' ran Mazzini's draft of the Constitution, '*who believe in a law of Progress and Duty and are convinced that Italy is destined to become one nation. They join this Association . . .*

with the great aim of reconstituting Italy as one independent nation of free men and equals. Young Italy must be neither a sect nor a party, but a faith and an apostolate. It will endeavour to inspire this faith—first by its teachings, and afterwards by an energetic initiative.

‘The means by which Young Italy proposes to reach its aim are education and insurrection.¹

‘Wheresoever the initiative of insurrection shall take place, the flag raised and the aim proposed will be Italian.

‘Young Italy does not seek to substitute its own flag for the banner of the Nation. . . . When the Nation herself shall be free . . . she will proclaim her revered and unchallenged will.’

The rough seas in which this little barque was launched, bearing, as history proved, the destiny of a great race, were full of dangerous rocks and hidden shoals and quicksands.

(1) To begin with there was the power of the princes who had Austria at their backs, and who combined together to use the ingenuity of secret police and the long arm of official diplomacy reaching across Europe to bring the ‘nationalists’ to the prison, the gallows, the guillotine. Such enmity was intelligible enough, and Mazzini recognized it as one

¹ A strange association indeed! But it should be remembered that the insurrection was to be not against rulers by popular will or by any other right, but against the alien power which placed and kept them there for Italy’s undoing.

might an honourable foe. He declared that he spent his happiest days when the hounds of his enemies were closest at his heels.

(2) The machinations of the Vatican and the complication of the Papal States which lay in the bosom of Italy's peninsula increased Mazzini's difficulties and intensified his problems. The Pope was not Italian : he cared nothing for Italy. Popes had eyes trained to watch the interests of the Holy See. They were accustomed to play off Austria and France against each other, and Italian soil became the battle-ground. But in 1831 the Pope's own soldiers had risen against him, and Gregory XVI had called in the troops of the ever ready Metternich to quell the mutiny. In so doing the Pope lost what political independence he had had, and he too became a puppet of Austria moving to Metternich's touch.

(3) Then there was France. She was, on the whole, sympathetic. Napoleon had shown some tenderness towards Italian unity. Mazzini himself owed a large debt of inspiration to the first French Revolution. All through his life he had kept in touch with the French Republican movement, and when hard pressed had found a refuge on French soil.

Moreover in the previous year (1830) the French Revolutionists had brought off a magnificent *coup*—from the point of view, at least, of Mazzini and his insurgent Young Italians—in turning Charles X off the throne for his attempt to annul the hard-won

constitutional liberties of the French people. It was well known that many of the French leaders favoured Mazzini. He could have had support from France of just the practical kind he needed most. Mazzini turned from it. ‘The Revolution must be made by the [Italian] people for the people,’ he said. It could not be won for them by outside power or influence. ‘The past,’ he wrote, ‘is fatal to our Party. The French Revolution—I say it with deep conviction—crushes us.’

Had Mazzini chosen otherwise he might have precipitated war with Austria, possibly have won a victory over her, but he would never have achieved the great goal and purpose of his life—the unifying of the Italian people in a great and consuming patriotism.

(4) Subtlest and most difficult of all problems which Mazzini had to face was the inertia of the Italian people themselves. ‘The first duty of the new Association,’ Mazzini had boldly stated, ‘was to declare war on the existing idolatry of material interests: to convince the Italian people that the sole path to victory was through sacrifice, constancy in sacrifice.’ . . . ‘The country,’ he declared, ‘was regardless of high principles, and ready to accept any form of government, any mode of assistance, or any man brought forward with a promise of relieving her immediate sufferings.’

But Mazzini saw deeper still into the heart of the trouble. ‘The great problem of the day,’ he in-

sisted, ‘is a religious problem to which all other problems are secondary.’

There is nothing more strikingly characteristic of Mazzini throughout his life—nothing which sets him more in contrast with many of the revolutionary leaders of Europe—than his unwavering insistence that the ultimate basis of true and lasting progress is *character*, that a people will rise to new life just in proportion as it lays hold of the great permanent ideals of life and God, that nothing matters—not even life itself, much less material things—beside truth and fidelity, that nothing of ultimate value can be won except by sacrifice.

‘Young Italy must never forget . . . that without morality there is no true Citizen. . . . Where the life of the individual is not in harmony with the principles he preaches . . . their inculcation is hypocrisy.’

To Mazzini Italy was all. But God was more.

The appointed oath which every member of Young Italy took on joining the Association begins :

‘*In the name of God and of Italy: by the duties which bind me to the land wherein God has placed me, and to the brothers whom God has given me: believing in the mission entrusted by God to Italy, and the duty of every Italian to strive to attempt its fulfilment: I give my name to Young Italy . . . to dedicate myself wholly and for ever to the endeavour to constitute Italy one free, independent, republican nation.*

(5) Yet another dangerous shoal required the skill of a steady pilot. Not in Italy alone was this new and ardent patriotism bursting forth. Europe was seething with it, as we have seen. Down in the crowded quarters of every city of the Continent, groups of young men of half the nations of Europe—exiles most of them from their homes—planned and plotted, bravely and often darkly, for the revival and liberation of the nations which had cast them out.

There were two dangers here. The Carbonari tried to merge these patriotisms. They tended to follow Lessing, whose philosophy regarded national patriotism as a vice. They thought they could fuse all Europe—or at least all revolutionary Europe—and they talked as though they could unite all mankind into a single whole without distinction of nationality.

But the alternative danger was equally great. If all these national patriotisms, living and plotting in the relatively narrow boundaries of Europe, did *not* fuse, would they not clash? If men dreamt of the greatness of Spain, would they not plot the absorption of Portugal? Would not the patriots of Portugal be ambitious to extend her borders? Was a patriotic Bohemian inevitably anti-Serb? For Mazzini the urgent question was—Did not the glorification of Italy involve the essential humiliation and spoliation of Austria? Where would the process stop? What were the limits of a nation's legitimate ambitions? Was there not a terrible danger to

Europe in the process of fanning into flame a dozen patriotisms at once ?

Now the greatest wonder of Mazzini's career is that he thought this problem through. He charted his channel clearly and kept his helm true to it, and he handed his chart on to others more hot-blooded and less far-sighted than himself. The principles which Mazzini announced and by which he disciplined his own ambitions and plans are well worth studying. They throw light upon the problem, which is at once the most obstinate and the most delicate of all that confront statesmen to-day—How *nations* shall dwell together in unity. Upon the right solution of it depends not merely the future peace of the world, but the whole prospect of man's true development. In order to appreciate the magnificence of Mazzini's answer, let us translate his problem into terms of our day. Let us be brutally frank.

Consider the Germany of 1914 throbbing with vitality, pressed within by her rapidly increasing population, exuberant in her new and late-found unity, her bursting energy and her docile labour harnessed to supreme industrial efficiency. Could such a patriotic Germany look without covetous eyes on the sparsely populated provinces of France, on the wide expanses of Africa which Britain was slowly developing, on the South American Republics mismanaging their fabulous natural resources ?

Consider Japan at the height of her national vigour, wedding the industrialism of the West to the art and

industry of a Mongol race, conscious of her power, and confident in the loyalty of her people dreaming of a great future as the hardy islanders of the Pacific. Can such a Japan be told to keep covetous eyes off a corrupt and lethargic Korea ? Can she be bidden to confine her ambitions within the waves which mark the limits of her shores ?

Or again consider England, with the world-wide responsibilities which she has inherited, with her tried capacity for governing backward peoples, with her age-long instinct to expand, adventure and explore. Can this England, proud and confident, dignified anew by her sacrifices, be expected to stay her foot and to hold back her hand while she listens to voices of incoherent and incipient patriotism from India, from Mesopotamia, from Egypt, from Ireland ?

Let Mazzini speak.

'Every people has its special mission which will co-operate towards the fulfilment of the general mission of humanity: that mission constitutes its Nationality. Nationality is sacred. . . .'

'The new life of peoples will reject all idea of conquests other than those achieved by the example and apostolate of truth. The period of cosmopolitanism is ended: the period of Humanity has begun. Humanity is the association of Nationalities, the alliance of the peoples in order to work out their missions in Peace and Love. . . .'

'The ruling principles of international law are no longer to secure the weakness of others, but the ameliora-

tion of all through the work of all, the progress of each for the benefit of all. . . .

'For us the starting point is Country. The object or aim is collective humanity. . . .'

'The only idea I believe to have power to resuscitate the peoples is the idea of Nationality. . . .'

'Every nation's right to exist depends upon its recognition of the rights of other nations. . . . Every right you have can only spring from a duty fulfilled. . . .'

'The cry of "God wills it" must be the eternal watchword of every undertaking like our own, having sacrifice for its basis, the people for its instrument, and humanity for its aim. . . .'

*'They who pretend to teach you morality, while limiting your duties to those you owe to your family and to your Country, do but teach you a more or less enlarged egotism, tending to the injury of others and yourself. The family and the Fatherland are like two circles drawn within a larger circle which contains them both: they are two steps of the ladder you have to climb: without them your ascent is impossible but upon them it is forbidden to rest.'*¹

To Mazzini these were not nebulous ideals, or mottoes to be stuck on a wall. They were working principles which disciplined every project, which curbed his ambitions and controlled his plans—principles upon which he could never compromise. He was not content to build save with the mortar of eternal truth.

¹ *Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini*, especially vol. iv.

His principles led him to immediate and very practical action. In 1835 'Young Italy' was expanded into 'Young Europe'—not on a chimerical theory of merging nations, nor to cut an international cross-section of one class (as dreamers of the Industrial Workers of the World would do to-day) but to relate the various groups of aspiring nationalists of Europe in support of each separate legitimate national movement, and to discipline the ambitions of each to the well-being of all. 'They will work together in harmony,' he said, 'in the cause of the emancipation of their several countries.' In those days of the inception of the new Association, the unique phenomenon appeared of the patriots of Poland, of Germany, of Italy, planning separately and yet in united co-operation for the liberation and unification of their several peoples.

IV

Mazzini had been laying foundations broader than he knew. And what was more, he was not, as he must often have thought himself, the solitary fountain-head and source of a new movement; rather he was but one factor in the sweep of a mighty impulse, broad at least as Europe, and issuing from the very springs of human life. He was not alone, as he often felt in his dark days at Marseilles. The spirit which was moving him was urging others also. He was not really originating, he was interpreting to men the impulses of their own hearts.

Mazzini had the soul of a scholar and the industry of a student. He had a large measure of good sense and of practical state-craft. He feared God. But the man was much more than the sum of all these things. He has been called a prophet—and perhaps he was, but not in the sense that, like Jeremiah and Amos, he had some special revelation given peculiarly to himself, but rather that, like Wesley and Goethe and Ruskin, he had a soul sensitive to the breath of the Spirit brooding over the deep—moving in the hearts of men, lifting them higher and urging them on. He saw while others ‘stood round and picked blackberries.’ He listened while others talked. He discriminated while others clamoured. Therefore the source of his steadfastness and of his power lay deeper even than in his love for his country—it sprang from the confidence that in his devotion to her he was responding to the moving of the Spirit of the God of all the earth.

Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit ! Be thou me, impetuous one !

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like wither'd leaves, to quicken a new
birth ;

And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among man-
kind !

Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth
The trumpet of a prophecy ! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ? ¹

¹ *Ode to the West Wind*, Shelley.

So it was that while Mazzini was working in lonely exile, similar impulses were creeping quietly into Italy's divided States. The Young Italy movement swept in like a silent tide, and Mazzini soon found himself linked by his Association to men destined to play a larger and more brilliant part than he, men who built on foundations he had laid, who took his ideas, gave them a practical interpretation which he could not have devised, and a backing which he could never have organized.

Of these new men—one, a son of labouring Italy, was now swashbuckling across the seas at the head of an Italian legion fighting for the liberation of Montevideo. The other, a member of one of the proudest families of Europe, was studying agriculture at Léri. The former was yet to prove himself the most courageous and brilliant guerrilla leader of a forlorn hope that men had ever followed. The latter became the most resolute, zealous and astute statesman that ever served a nation in the crisis of its history.

Giuseppe Garibaldi and Count Camillo di Cavour were no doubt born both of them for greatness. But the dauntless courage of the one and the steadfastness of purpose of the other were nurtured on the pure high patriotism of Mazzini. The one will live as a personality so long as men fight. The other has left his monument in deeds and documents at which the statesmen of the world will refresh their spirits and renew their ideals so long as nations live.

But these days were not yet. Mazzini and his fellows had much to do and more to suffer. The sky for him, as for Garibaldi and Cavour in their very different settings, was lurid enough. There was hardly a rift in the clouds through which rays of hope could pierce. The news from abroad was ominous. The hopes of Poland had been smothered by Russia (1831). Autocracy had stamped out 'revolution' in the German States (1833). Priests and kings had triumphed in Spain.

The refugees of Italy were living in little groups scattered throughout Europe. They had no wealth and certainly no prestige. Garibaldi had seen no star to summon him home. Nothing as yet had roused Cavour from the even life of a private citizen. The Italian exiles had no arms, no armies, not even a rallying place where armies could be trained. They dared not raise their flag in the open. Their propaganda had to be carried on in secret. An ill-advised military exploit which Mazzini hoped might raise the spirit of Savoy had ended in dismal failure. He had made a mess of his appeal to the militia of Piedmont. Yet Mazzini worked on undaunted. 'We sought to found a nation,' he wrote afterwards, 'to create a people. What was defeat to men with such an aim in view? Was it not a part of our educational duty to teach our party a lesson of calm endurance in adversity?' And if for a moment these crushing sorrows and the defection of men whom he had thought his friends caught his

brave spirit off its guard and plunged him into temporary gloom, he found an unfailing source of joy in the ‘lasting consolations of affection,’ first of his aged mother, then of his devoted wife and always of his faithful friends.

A few years later Mazzini is in England (1841-48) breathing much more freely, and fruitfully engaged upon articles for English magazines. ‘Many of my ideas,’ he writes, ‘appeared unrealizable or even dangerous to many English minds; but the logical sincerity of my convictions afforded by my life, sufficed to gain me the friendship of some of the best minds of the island. . . . I shall never forget while I live, nor ever proffer without a throb of gratitude the name of the land wherein I now write . . .’

His judgment of Englishmen and of the quality of an Englishman’s friendship is so acute as well as flattering that it must be quoted. ‘In England, a country wherein a long education in liberty has generated a high sense of individual dignity and respect for individuality, friendships are slow and difficult to make: but they are more sincere and durable than elsewhere, and individuals in England possess more of that unity of thought and action which is the pledge of all true greatness. Friendships, once formed, are firmly based, and sincerely proved in action rather than in words, even among those who differ upon this or that question or opinion.’

Except, however, for the reinforcement of individual

sympathies and of personal friendships, Mazzini's stay in London did not materially advance his cause, while it landed him in a horrid embroilment with the Government over the matter of his correspondence, which it was admitted in the House of Commons had been, with official connivance at least, opened in the post. This incident drew from Mazzini a letter of quiet dignified protest, not against the incident merely, but against the undercurrent of official sympathy with Austrian intrigue and domination of which it was evidence. And in conclusion he broke into an epilogue of impassioned and reasoned pleading for the cause of Italy. (The richness and vitality of his thought is clear, as also his astonishing command of the English vocabulary, though he evidently has some difficulty in the construction of his sentences.)

' . . . There is no security except under laws, under wise laws voted by the best men, sanctioned by the love of the people ; and there are no laws in Italy : there is instead the caprice of eight detested masters, and of a handful of men chosen by these masters to second their caprice. There can be no peace except where there is harmony between the governors and the governed. . . .'

' They [the Italian people] desire to achieve the same liberty which you—let it not be forgotten, through a revolution—are now enjoying : liberty of conscience to give them a religion, of which at present, thanks to the despotism under which they lie, they have only a parody ;

liberty of speech, that they may preach righteousness ; liberty of action, that they may put it into practice ; the liberty my Lord, which you promised them along with independence when you were commander-in-chief of the allied armies, and when you stood in need of their aid to overthrow Napoleon.

'They desire for a state of things the elements of which are hatred, mistrust, and fear, to substitute a condition under which they would be able to know each other, to love each other, to help each other onwards towards one common aim.

'They desire to destroy chimeras, to extinguish falsehood, to bury out of sight corpses that are aping life ; in order to put in their stead a reality ; something true, active, living ; a power which shall be strong enough to guide them, and to which they may, without shame, yield allegiance.

'They desire to live, my Lord—to live with all the faculties of their being ; to live as God commands ;—to walk onward with the rest of the world,—to have brethren and not spies around them,—to have instructors and not masters,—to have a home and not a prison.

'Can you imagine that England is exercising her mission when she says to them—"No ! The world goes onwards, but ye shall be stationary ; there is no God for you—ye have the Emperor of Austria and the Pope. . . . Resign yourselves in silence ; suffer in all your members, but stir not. Seek not for relief, because Europe slumbers, and you might disturb her repose."

'Christ, my Lord, also fulfilled a revolutionary mission. He came to destroy the chimeras and idols of the old world: He destroyed the peace of paganism. . . .'¹

V

Gradually the actors at the front of the stage are changing as the play moves on scene by scene to the climax of the great drama. Mazzini, in truth, never cared to approach the footlights; but for two long hard years he occupied the stage alone. That is why the gaze of history is fixed upon him during the earlier (and preparatory) acts. But by 1849 the attention shifts to the magnificent red-shirted figure of Garibaldi moving, with just a touch of deliberate 'swank,' across the boards; while the *motif* of the drama is carried forward by the ardent but prudent Cavour, who by 1853 had become Prime Minister of Piedmont.

Henceforth it may be said that while Mazzini remained the heart, Cavour became the brain and Garibaldi the right hand by which Italian liberation—and unity—was won.

Mazzini laid foundations without which no building of a united Italy could have been possible. Cavour and Garibaldi built upon those foundations, but not altogether according to the plan Mazzini had designed. For there was this difference in particular between their ideals and his. Mazzini, agonizing for

¹ *Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini*, vol. iii., p. 205.

his country through long years when she was trodden under the heel of alien despots, himself despairing of help from kings, had drunk deep in the republican literature of revolutionary France. Moreover, for him the event most significant of national unity had been the splendid triumph by which the Republican Constitution had welded together the once separate colonies of North America. His vision therefore always saw a liberated and united Italy as a Republic.

Cavour, perhaps because he had thought further than Mazzini into problems of constructive government, and Garibaldi because he had not thought so far, were for establishing a single Italian monarchy—a constitutional monarchy if it might be ; but if not, at least a monarchy limited in its powers to impose its will directly against the wishes of the people.

On this issue Mazzini parted company from the magnificent soldier and the far-sighted statesman, who thenceforward became the acknowledged leaders of Italian liberation. But Mazzini was too great a soul to let a difference of method separate him from those who were pursuing the one all-absorbing aim of a free and united Italy. The difference kept him from prominent partnership in the constructive work, but it did not prevent him from supporting and helping them in their long struggle. And if it dimmed his joy in the great triumphs of 1848 and 1860, the gentle strength of his character saved him

from bitterness. No doubt the echo of his own great words came back to him ‘. . . the sole path to victory is sacrifice . . . constancy in sacrifice.’

And when at last, in 1861, Cavour’s diplomacy and Garibaldi’s sword had placed King Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia upon the throne of a united Italy and the whole people rose to acclaim him, they had kept the first and most fundamental charge of Giuseppe Mazzini to ‘Young Italy’:

‘*Never rise in any other name than that of Italy and of all Italy.*’

‘*In the name of God and of Italy.*’

CHAPTER III

WHAT ABRAHAM LINCOLN MADE OF THE CIVIL WAR

I have seen Him in the watchfires of an
hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the
evening dews and damps,
I have read His righteous sentence by the
dim and flaring lamps :
 His day is marching on.

Battle Hymn of the Republic

I

THE scene is in Fortress Monroe, in front of which, only a few miles distant, the Federal Army of the United States with its back to Chesapeake Bay and the broad ocean is holding the line in the dark days of 1861.

An ill-trimmed smoky lamp swings from the low and grimy ceiling of a disordered room, casting a red glow upon glistening brown-black cheeks, and lighting eyes that gleam intermittently between present suffering and undefined hope.

The eternal question of wages is being discussed by as way-worn and weary, dishevelled and derelict a gathering as ever applied their minds to the problem. One of the company—more clear of brain than his fellows—has disentangled the issues to some extent, and is stating them with generous and reasonable candour: ‘Dey say dat we, de able-body men, was to get eight dollars a month; only we was to allow one dollar de month to help de poor an’ de old—which we don’t ‘gret—an’ one dollar for de sick ones, an’ den anudder dollar for Gen’l Purposes. We don’t zactly know who dat Gen’l is, but ’pears like dar was a heap o’ dem Gen’ls an’ it takes all dar is to pay ‘em, ’cause we don’t get nuffins.’¹

But the negro in trouble instinctively has recourse to religion, and he does not harbour grudges.

¹ *Southern Workman*, April 1884—‘Among the Contrabands.’

'Bredren, we must be pashun and wait,' says another. 'God am seems like tryin' on us. We does has our trials. I has to work hard, and I don't git nothin' 'cept de rations, but I means to be faithful, an' if I dies in de cause an' never sees freedom, p'raps my chillun now in slavery may get to de lan' o' promise. Remember de Bible done says: "Godli-ness wid 'tentment is de great gains.'" A third has remembered an apposite allusion: 'Brudderin, we's now right in de Red Sea—looks dark, but I b'leves de Gubbermint 'll bring us outen it. We must trust in de good Lord.'

The actors in this weird protest meeting are, strange as it may seem, the first-fruits of the long Civil War—'to free the slaves.' The little shivering company of forlorn and hungry black people have become free, while the war is in progress and its issue all too uncertain, by the simple process of escaping from their owners in the 'South' and passing through the lines to the Federal (or Union) Army where, by a very excusable feat of legal juggling, they were declared 'contraband of war' and annexed as 'Freedmen' by 'Linkum's soldiers.'

But the little company grew rapidly to unmanageable proportions as, during the four years of war, innumerable similar groups crossed no-man's-land to freedom to find themselves in like plight, until at last, in 1865, the victory of the 'North' cleared the way for the great 'Thirteenth Constitutional Amendment' which freed every slave on the soil

of North America. Then four million negroes passed together into the uncharted El Dorado of Freedom, and sat down to ask themselves what Liberty meant and what they were to do with it.

But this snapshot — and innumerable other picturesque incidents¹ of the troubles of the ‘Contrabands’—is eloquent enough of black men’s miseries and white men’s problems. It is evident that something far more than goodwill—even when it is attained—will be needed for their solution.

II

We have in this chapter crossed the Atlantic and hit right into the end of a long trail where in darkness, storm and anguish, it is being cleared of the most terrible entanglements which hitherto had barred the way to progress.

We are seeking to follow in this book the crises of history in the last century when the great human issues came up for decision, and not only were the destinies of nations cast, but forward steps were taken towards the solution of the great problems of the relationships of men—of different nations and races and types and colours—living in this world together.

¹ For these incidents and for very much also of inspiration in writing this chapter, the author is indebted to Mr Francis G. Peabody’s fascinating volume, at once a biography of Samuel Chapman Armstrong, a history of Hampton Institute, and a treatise on Negro Education, entitled *Education for Life* (Doubleday Page & Co., New York). It surely should be reprinted and widely published in this country.

The Congress of Vienna saw the rise, clouded and uncertain it is true, of the first international consciousness in Europe. The constructive thinking of Mazzini both nourished and symbolized an epoch in which European nations deliberately asserted their right to manage their own destinies, and began to recognize the claim of other nations to do the same.

The problem of the negro, or rather the problem of white men and black, of their mutual relations, functions and responsibilities, this is at once the extreme problem, the acutest and the most stubborn. Its roots run back to the origin of human races: it is as old as the Tower of Babel: it challenged Egypt and Babylon, Persia and Greece, Carthage and Rome: it worried Tothnes and Alexander, Antiochus and Akbar, Augustine and Queen Elizabeth: it had ruined empires and desolated continents in the long past and—by a strange irony indeed—it came at last to a decisive issue in the bosom of the new world, in a civil war between free white men, in the years 1861-1865.

The traffic in slaves and the practice of slavery had indeed been introduced upon the Continent of North America before the Pilgrim Fathers in 1620 landed on the coast of New England.

The settlers who founded the colony of Virginia under the inspiration of Sir Walter Raleigh and the leadership of the great Elizabethan adventurers,

had not been long in the new world before they had introduced into it the darkest problem of the old. They began by re-transporting African negroes from the West Indies, to help them to tame the sage-bush plains and the tangled forests of their new country, and to cultivate the sub-tropical soil that was already showing its promise of cotton crop and tobacco harvest. So that by the time the Pilgrim Fathers and the other religious refugees who followed them were sailing from Europe to America seeking the new world of liberty, other ships were leaving Africa bearing cargoes of negroes to the same new world . . . of slavery.

The practice grew slowly at first, and apparently without raising any essential controversy among the colonists. But by the middle of the eighteenth century it was assuming large proportions. The obvious scope for manual labour in the limitless fertile lands, the questionable, but very natural, 'necessity' of bringing vast areas rapidly under cultivation to obtain quick returns and big profits, the prospect of substituting profitable rice plantations for the malarial swamps of South Carolina and of draining the rich alluvial soil of the lower Mississippi valley, and all the inevitable demands of a newly settled country for great quantities of cheap labour—these considerations swept along the consciences of the colonies, and later of the United States, without raising any compunctions as to where the policy was leading or

upon what principle—or lack of principle—it was based.

We need not wonder now that this was so in America as in the other British Colonies in the old days. Slaves have not always been palpably discontented, any more than the serfs and hirelings of old England were. And it could easily be argued that the negroes were ‘happy’ on the plantations, that never had slaves been so well cared for as thousands of those in the Southern States. The people of America, always idealists, had idealized even the slave system in their minds. They took a pride in their slaves and in their well-being. Many a broad prosperous estate in the luxuriant South presented a fair picture enough, of which not the least pleasing feature—to a casual visitor at any rate—was the contented negro labourer, well-housed, sufficiently clad and fed, his family about him, linked by ties of affection to the place and its master, cared for in sickness, provided for in old age, a source of pride as well as profit to his owner. The lot of the slave was often contrasted with that of the English farm-hand of the period—with his exiguous wages and uncertain tenure—and it did not appear that the British working-man had the best of it !

So, too, in the comfortable houses of the Southern towns a negro family seemed often enough to have found its natural vocation, the slave mother as the nurse and friend beloved of the white children, while

her husband's mellow disposition seemed exactly to fit him to be the general servant of the household. It was easy to contrast such a lot with that of the white colonists in the raw climate of the New England States struggling to build, to coal, and to work their ungainly factories in the dawn of America's industrial era.

The colonists of the South could point back if they wished through the long centuries and remind themselves that there had been slaves—and negro slaves—since before history began to be written. And in a colonial environment, where everything tends to find justification if it works, and where things are accepted if they look good, it was not hard to argue that slavery justified itself—to the master certainly, and to the slave—very probably.

But evil is evil whenever and wherever it is: though it be dressed in gay clothing or manipulated to utilitarian ends. And the history of human progress is the story of the growing sensitiveness of man's conscience towards wrong. In all times, in the hearts of the best and truest men there has been the conviction that slavery—however much its rigours were mitigated and its noxiousness disguised—is fundamentally a denial of human right and divine law. Because it is evil it works its inevitable poison and corruption upon all concerned in it and upon others beyond its coils.

To begin with, the system stood condemned in its very origin and in its first inevitable processes.

Its existence had involved the untold tragedy of little negro villages and of countless simple homes hidden in the giant forests of Africa, the ivory-laden march to the coast, the slave markets of the coast towns and, most terrible of all, the physical and mental agonies of the slave-ship and the terrors of the dark unknown. These things in themselves stamped the whole system as the Devil's own business—even upon the most rudimentary theory of cruelty to animals.¹

But even if the foundations of the slave system had been the very reverse of what they were, we have yet to ask whether the life of a slave could ultimately justify itself to the conscience of humanity—however satisfactorily it might seem to work.

If you would become acquainted with the soul

¹ Even though the shipping of slaves to America was forbidden from 1808 onwards, so long as the demand of the plantations existed, an illicit supply was maintained by a secret trade whose horrors were the more terrible just because it was unregulated and slave-running a hazardous enterprise. It is said that 270,000 slaves were taken into the United States between the years 1808-1860, *i.e.* from the time when the overseas slave-trade was officially 'abolished' to the time when it actually ceased. It is estimated that out of every hundred slaves taken from the interior of Africa, one-third or more perished before they reached the coast, and another fifteen or twenty were lost on the voyage. For these and other facts relating to the slave-trade, readers are referred to Booker Washington's interesting and nobly restrained book, *The Story of the Negro*. The documents (and statistics) of the successive stages of 'abolition' of the slave-trade, national and international, are assembled and set forth in W. E. Du Bois' *The Suppression of the Slave Trade in the United States of America* (Harvard Historical Studies).

of a people you must know its thoughts, and you may in no better way learn its thoughts than by listening to its songs. Again and again the story of a nation's joy and suffering has been reflected in its music. And the negro, like the child, is essentially a lover of music. He instinctively sings everywhere, at work and at play, plying the broom in the cabin or swinging the hoe in the field. He has a rich velvety voice and a strong sense of rhythm, as though his songs were action or trek music ; but the uniform characteristic of them all is that their richest cadences fall into the minor key.

To these weird sad melodies the negro has, in the alien land, fitted words which strangely re-echo the songs of another exiled nation long centuries ago :

By the rivers of Babylon
There we sat down, yea, we wept
When we remembered Zion.
Upon the willows in the midst thereof
We hanged up our harps.

Here is the slave negro's expression of a similar sadness and home-sickness :

I walk through the churchyard
To lay this body down,
I know moon-rise, I know star-rise,
I walk in the moonlight, I walk in the star-light,
I'll lie in the grave and stretch out my arms,
I'll go to judgment in the evening of the day
And my soul and thy soul shall meet that day
When I lay this body down.

But as you listen to the negro's songs and hymns you will observe another characteristic of his music.

The epic and folk songs of most nations have two principal themes, love and war—but neither war-songs nor love-songs came naturally to the slave negro. He had no battle to fight, no struggle *of his own* to make. And he could not count upon a united home and a life's love. The greatest things in his life were at his master's disposition, not his. For him life was work and sleep, its environment the darkness of uncertainty, its compensation the prospect of a better world. And of these things he sang, wedding his words to rich plaintive melodies in the minor key.

He sang, as we all know, of the cotton plantations and of the long day's work, and, as always, he found solace in religion :

Nobody knows de trouble I've seen,
Nobody knows but Jesus.

The Bible was his only literary education. So he adopted Bible metaphors and allusions and steeled his courage with them :

Jordan's bank is a good ol' bank
And I hain't but one more river to cross.

But he sang most of the sadness of this world and the compensations of the next :

You may bury me in the East,
You may bury me in the West,
But I'll hear the trumpet sound in the morning.

Or again

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.

It was all of it music 'which reproduced the dominating sadness, the recurring sighs and the unconquerable hope' of an exiled and enslaved people, and there are passages in it which have been 'compared by high authority with the emotional climaxes of Wagner, where music and passion become one, and artistic appreciation is forgotten in the ecstatic thrill.'¹ And yet of ecstasy in the major key negro music is almost wholly deficient, and it is told how, when the great Emancipation Act was passed, it was discovered that the negroes simply did not know how to cheer.

All was not well with a people that sang only so. It is easy for us, detached as we are from the problem, to see in the slave idea with its essential denial to every slave of responsibility for his own life, career and character, that which must inevitably corrode and depress the individual and corporate life of any race. And therefore—however much its features were disguised and its evils palliated—it was producing, beneath and behind the smooth complacency of even the best-conducted plantations, its inevitable harvest of corruption in the bosom of the nation that sanctioned it, just as similar systems with more euphonious names will do in every age.

¹ See especially chapter v. in *Education for Life*, and Mrs Natalie Curtis Barlin's *Negro Folk Songs* (4 vols.), and H. E. Krehbiel's *Afro-American Folk Songs*.

There were the 'Uncle Toms'¹ and worse, men and families living at the caprice of domestic tyrants, labourers at the mercy of fluctuating profits, injustices for which there was no redress, cruelties for which there was no restraint, auction-rooms where families were broken never to be re-united, where negresses were advertised like brood mares. And there were runaways, and hunts for runaways, and advertisements for them such as Dickens collected. These things were not less real because they were relegated to the under-world and their existence ignored by 'decent Society.'

Nor was it the negroes only whose degeneration was involved. The corrosion was at work as surely in the soul of the master as in the life of the slave. For the moment we regard our relationship to any fellow-man primarily as an opportunity for our gain instead of as a sobering trust for his benefit also, *that* moment the Devil gets in and does his own work. And history warns us everywhere that just so far as white men allow themselves to exploit coloured races for their own material benefit, they lose both fineness of soul and ultimately even the very energy of production.²

¹ The publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, written by Harriet Beecher Stowe, probably did more than any other single event to awaken the popular conscience to the real evils of slavery.

² *Vide* a very valuable Memorandum on *Labour in Africa and the Principle of Trusteeship*, submitted by a small private deputation to Viscount Milner, relating to proposals for indentured labour in Kenya Colony and Tanganyika Territory. Copies obtainable from Edinburgh House, 2 Eaton Gate, S.W.1. Price 2d. net.

That, no doubt, was what Jefferson—the great Jefferson, who did more than any man except Washington to found and to save the Union—meant when he wrote: '*I tremble for my country when I think of the negro and remember that God is just.*'

III

When the founders of the great modern nation of the United States, having won and declared their independence of Europe, drafted their magnificent charter of liberty—*the Declaration of Independence*, (July 4th, 1776)—they laid down the following fundamental axiom :

'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the Governed.'

It has always been easy for trivial minds to jibe at these famous words, to point out that in some of their most obvious meanings they simply were not intended to apply. Men, of course, are not equally tall, or heavy, or clever, or ambitious, or good, nor do they come into the world endowed with equal talents or with equal opportunities. But it is evident enough that the fifty-six solemn and far-sighted gentlemen who signed the Declaration, and thereby

laid the foundations of the United States of America, did mean certain very definite ideas which they intended should be fundamental and decisive in the life of the new nation. Undoubtedly they meant, among other things, that every citizen should be given an equal chance, that every man (they did not stop then to consider the Women's question) should have an equal voice in the government of his country, that none should be handicapped by any accidents of birth, and that the prizes and punishments of the nation should be handed out with scrupulous fairness and without respect of persons.

It would be hard to imagine any Declaration more fundamentally subversive of slavery than this. Yet when the words were written and the Declaration signed, the majority, at least, of those who signed it were not prepared to give to the words their logical application as regards the Red Indians whose lands white men had invaded, or the Negroes who were enforced residents among them.

From the first there were always certain States whose legislation forbade slavery in any form within their borders,¹ but these were quite unable to force their views upon the other States whose whole agricultural and economic life was being built upon a slave foundation, and who passionately

¹ Particularly, of course, the States of the north-west territory, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, joined later by Vermont, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts.

declared that slavery being a 'domestic' question Congress had no right to interfere.¹

And gradually as the decades passed conviction deepened and spread, and agitation crystallized and localized itself—in the North especially. Anti-slavery societies were started, many of them with most impracticable programmes. There were magnificent, if ineffectual and unconstitutional, outbreaks of indignation—such as the famous occasion when John Brown, with his three sons and a small armed troop, went slave-freeing on his own account at Harper's Ferry and was subsequently hung for his pains. His raid was hopelessly lawless and his condemnation was within the law. But the question of the rights and wrongs of his sentence became the storm-centre of the nation's conscience for years to come. They knew that he spoke essential truth when he retorted to the chaplain (presumably a pro-slaver) who offered to attend him to the gallows: 'My dear sir, you have yet to learn the A B C in the lesson of Christianity, as I find you entirely ignorant of the word. I, of course, respect you as a gentleman, but it is as a heathen gentleman.' And all the world knew that Wendell Phillips was right when he declared in Congress

¹ It should be remembered that, though the people of the Southern States—where the warm climate and the conditions of agriculture favoured the employment of negroes—were the chief purchasers and employers of slave labour, the merchants of the Puritan New England States had conducted the nefarious trans-ocean slave-trade.

that, ‘Looking into that absolute essence of things that dwells in the sight of the Eternal and the Infinite, John Brown had twice as much right to hang Governor Wise as Governor Wise had to hang him.’

John Brown was popularly canonized as a hero and a martyr in the North. The South could not forget him either. For if the advocates of slavery made light of the grey-haired man who was caught at Harper’s Ferry, they must often have trembled at the John Brown in every man’s conscience. They had reason enough to fear it when the Federal Armies marched to battle sixteen years later, singing :

John Brown’s body lies a-mouldering in the
grave,
But his soul goes marching on.

The rising opinion became more definitely organized and began to find political expression. An increasing number of States adopted anti-slavery organization. There were constant inter-State quarrels over runaway slaves. At last the ‘anti-slavers’ became a majority in the Senate. For some years the Senate had refused to accept a fresh territory into the Union except upon a no-slave basis. Now (in 1860) a majority of the Senate were prepared to declare that no State belonging to the Union should be allowed to maintain slaves.

This was the signal to the slave States to revolt. To them the slave system was an essential part of

their domestic, industrial and agricultural existence. They had justified it to their own consciences. They would brook no interference with their 'State rights' to manage their own 'domestic' affairs. They would secede from the Union sooner than that.

IV

Thus broke the Civil War in the United States in 1861, not as a straight fight for slavery, but as a war for the Union.

No one knew this better than the strong, quiet man who in 1860 had stepped awkwardly, but with the majesty of a terrible earnestness, into the Presidential Chair. That Chair for Abraham Lincoln was then and always the seat of the chief representative of the American people. From it he led their thought, but as their leader he never went beyond their reach, never lost touch. There was never anything in Lincoln that corresponded with the American catch-phrase of to-day, the pungency of which delights every Englishman, 'I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way.' No one ever held closer to eternal paths of truth and reason than he did. No statesman ever had a shrewder understanding of how far along those paths the people could be led.

'We will say to the Southern Unionists,' he cried, 'we won't go out of the Union, and you shan't.' And the great audience rose to its feet in a frenzy

of applause. ‘Let us appeal to the sense and patriotism of the people and not to their prejudices,’ was his next sentence.

The tall bony figure surmounted by the rugged head of intractable hair, the boldly-chiselled features of the lawyer type, the impression of the strong-levered body of a woodsman and the face of a martyr, are familiar enough to every Englishman in these days, when Lincoln’s words have been more quoted in the hard times of Europe’s fiercest struggle than those of any other statesman, dead or living. Above all things he was a man of a great sincerity ; character and face corresponded as did his words and actions. The man who in his home greeted his guests at the front door in his shirt sleeves even when he kept a servant, made no parade of outward show when he occupied the White House. The man who had lived in poverty for years in order to pay his partner’s debts, afterwards appointed his chief personal opponent Secretary of State. The boy who had spent his evenings after the long day’s work doing sums on the fire-shovel, grew into the indefatigable statesman who wore out two Generals and three Ministers in one day, and who prepared the greatest speech of his life on a train journey travelling to Gettysburg. The youth who, challenged to a wrestling match by an insolent back-woodsman, a travelling professional fighter, reluctantly accepted the challenge and, when the match at last resulted in a draw, made his challenger his friend for life,

became the apostle of reconciliation to the bitterness of a nation agonizing in civil strife.

So in the early days of the war he did not fumble the issue. His own convictions as to slavery were clear enough and never faltered. ‘I am naturally anti-slavery,’ he wrote in 1864. ‘If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel.’ John Hanks, a friend of Lincoln’s boyhood, has told how, on one of their first visits to a slave State in 1831, as they watched the terrible sights of a slave auction in New Orleans, Lincoln at last broke out with : ‘By gad, boys, let us get away from this. If ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I’ll hit it hard.’ Years later when he was an aspiring candidate for a seat in the State Senate of Illinois and his friends counselled him, for the sake of his own career and chance of election, to choose another ‘plank’ for his platform than the straight slavery issue, he replied : ‘The battle of freedom is to be fought out on principle. Slavery is violation of eternal right. We have temporized with it from the necessities of our condition ; but as sure as God reigns and children read, that black foul lie can never be consecrated into God’s hallowed truth.’

There was no doubt in Lincoln’s mind as to what the real principle at stake was in 1861. But he was the accredited representative of the nation. He knew that slavery was not the immediate issue when the war broke out, and that even those who

clamoured most for ‘abolition’ had not faced all that it involved and were not prepared to take their share of the responsibilities which the nation would thereby incur.¹ Therefore he stated the nation’s issue fairly (in August 1862): ‘My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union : and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it ; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it ; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that.’

So with unfailing patience and magnanimity the great leader stood unmoved, content to be the true spokesman of his people.

And all through the war, in the long months of military failure as in hours of hope, Lincoln was quietly at work seeking some method of conciliation with his Cabinet, in correspondence with single States or indirectly with enemy leaders, but always with his fundamental principle uppermost. And when others were forgetting the real issue (and it was easy to do so in the heat of the struggle), Lincoln was trying constructively to face the tremendous problems which lay inevitably beyond victory and liberation. What was to be done with a population of four million negroes, whose moral fibre had been

¹ Even Lincoln’s Cabinet refused consent to his proposing to the slave states to compensate the slave owners out of a great national fund.

sapped by generations of slavery, ninety per cent of whom could neither read nor write, and the majority of whom would be unable reasonably to take care of themselves? Where and how, he was asking himself all the time, would the doctrine of the equality of man apply then?

Meanwhile he had taken one epoch-making step—he had armed and trained negro troops, even the contrabands, and enlisted them in the Federal army. His counsellors advised against the measure, his generals doubted the negro soldiers' staunchness. But the new battalions belied all fears and justified Lincoln's faith. 'The Negro soldier was the winning card of the Union,' said a Confederate general, as he returned defeated from Appomattox—the last battle of the war. There is a description of General Steedman expressing apprehension lest the Fourteenth United States Infantry Regiment of coloured troops should break in an engagement, and of his *aide* reporting: 'The Negro regiment is holding dress parade over there under fire.'

Yet in all his public speaking Abraham Lincoln kept clear of detailed entanglements; he insisted upon the main issue; he appealed to principle. Standing among the graves of his soldiers in the National Cemetery at Gettysburg in 1863, he carries his audience back again to the Constitution, gently but unflinchingly giving the words the full interpretation which men had been so slow to see:

‘Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought

forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

'Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and dedicated, can long endure. . . .

'. . . The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living . . . to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is . . . for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us . . . that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain ; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom ; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.'

Two years later (1865), re-elected by the people to a second term as their President, he drives the argument a stage further and states the issue to friend and foe with an almost terrifying clearness in his second Inaugural Address :

'Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsman's three hundred years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must

be said : “The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.”

The words ring with the grim agony of those terrible years when one disaster followed another, when the brilliant strategy of the Southern generals and the high spirit of their mobile armies outwitted the fumbling military leadership of the North, and outdistanced the Federal troops moving on the outside of the circle.

Again and yet again it seemed that the cause was lost, and Lincoln's Cabinet would have given in, or at least have compromised. He alone stood firm and resolute, yet unshakeable in a tenderness towards his enemies only once matched and surpassed in human history.

‘. . . With malice toward none ; with charity for all ; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right,—let us strive on to finish the work we are in : to bind up the nation’s wounds ; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan ; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.’

So the army knew too, by this time, what it was fighting for, and how high the issue. And the knowledge steeled its courage and determination through the final stages of the struggle. Thus army and nation passed on together to the great climax —the ‘Thirteenth Amendment’ (to the Constitution), the largest document of Emancipation the

world had ever known, which declared 'as a part of the Constitution of the United States' that 'neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction.'

CHAPTER IV

HOW BRITAIN AND INDIA LEARNED TO WORK TOGETHER

Where the mind is without fear and the
head is held high ;
Where knowledge is free ;
Where the world has not been broken up
into fragments by narrow domestic
walls ;
Where words come out from the depth of
truth ;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms
towards perfection ;
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost
its way into the dreary desert sand of
dead habit ;
Where the mind is led forward by Thee into
ever-widening thought and action—
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father,
let my country awake.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

I

A GREAT banquet is in progress in the magnificent hall of the East India Company in London. It is a farewell dinner to the new Governor-General of India. The Queen's health has been drunk and the customary speeches have been made in honour of the guest of the evening. He rises and replies in words of broad wisdom which fit the occasion, and such as other newly appointed Governors have spoken before him.

Yet there was one sentence in Lord Canning's speech that night in December 1855 which must have sent something like a shudder through the otherwise gay and optimistic gathering: 'I wish for a peaceful term of office, but I cannot forget that in the sky of India, serene as it is, a small cloud may arise, no larger than a man's hand, but which, growing larger and larger, may at last threaten to burst and to overwhelm us with ruin.'

A strange prophecy indeed in days when the British Raj seemed to be at the summit of its prestige, when the surface of Indian life, if not unruffled, appeared unusually calm, and when the retiring Governor-General, the brilliant and imperious Lord Dalhousie, was writing a minute upon relinquishing office, painting the condition of India in most rosy hues, describing the contentment of the sepoys and the improbability of disturbance from any cause whatever.¹

¹ *Vide G. B. Malleson, Indian Mutiny, p. 23 et seq.*

It is not hard now, looking back across the years, to see in this sense of security, which was shared by almost every British official in India at that time, a contributory cause of the terrible events that were so soon to follow. The apparent success of a strong but high-handed policy following logical lines of imperial development and beating down opposition promptly, had seemed to be justified. The enormous areas of Oudh, the Punjab, and Sind had been added to the British Raj.

Oudh would provide, so it was said, a splendid recruiting ground for the Indian army. Moreover, it was the key position of Northern India. The Punjab offered a strategic frontier. The annexation of Sind gave us the control of the mouth of the Indus. Things seemed to be going most prosperously. And if the native peoples of these provinces did offer sentimental objections—? No doubt they would soon discover how much better off they were under the British Flag and an efficient western administration.

‘We have no right to seize Sind,’ wrote the gallant Sir Charles Napier, who had charge of the expedition, ‘yet we shall do so, and a very advantageous, useful and humane piece of work it will be.’ And when he had completed the job, both aspects of the action were reported—by *Punch* at least—in the despatch of a single word ‘Peccavi’ (I have Sind) !

But, as events were to prove, there were elements in these actions which rankled deep in the soul of the people and which for particular reasons embittered

the homes of the sepoy soldiers who hitherto had rendered loyal service in the British army. Our management of Oudh did, in fact, *stop* recruiting. The occupation of the Punjab brought dangers and political complications with new neighbours. The annexation of Sind gave the impression that we were out for material benefits for British trade. Besides, no one who loves his country will wish to evade the logic of the point of view expressed with humorous dignity by an Afghan king ten years before, when by a combination of circumstances a British army had been ‘forced’ into invading his country. In an interview with the Governor-General,¹ who asked him his opinion of the English, he had replied : ‘I have been struck with the magnitude of your power and your resources, with your ships, your arsenals and your armies : but what I cannot understand is, why the rulers of so vast and flourishing an Empire should have gone across the Indus to deprive me of my poor and barren country ! ’

II

The scene shifts to another dinner party—a mess dinner in the Residency at Lucknow, the capital of Oudh, on Sunday, May 30th, 1857. No doubt to the Indian orderlies who served it, it appeared that their officers were as gay and nonchalant as usual. Not a sign of apprehension could be seen on their faces or heard in their words. The meal finished

¹ Lord Ellenborough interviewing the famous Dost Muhammad.

and cleared, the officers alone sat on with their cheroots and their coffee.

The characteristic mess badinage and easy talk continues though, now that the servants have left the room, there is no necessity so to cloak the thoughts that are haunting every mind.

‘The reign of the British Raj shall be one hundred years.’ So had run the prophecy wafted throughout India, none knew whence or by whom, repeated alike by Mussulman and Hindu. Plassey had been fought, and British rule established in Bengal in 1757. That was just one hundred years ago. Such fantasies had always appealed to the Indian, to whom history is a caprice because his religion is a confusion.

Three weeks before, the ‘Third Native Cavalry’ had mutinied in Meerut and released their eighty-five comrades, who had been degraded and imprisoned for conspiracy, and Colonel Finnis had been shot on the parade ground. From Delhi also alarming reports had been confirmed of the massacre of everyone in the Residency, of the blowing up of the magazine by Lieut. Willoughby’s glorious act when that was the only way to save it from falling into rebel hands, and of the deliberate execution of the fifty Christians who had sought refuge in the European quarter. Fresh news of trouble had blown in from Ferjapere and Bulandshahr, Itawal and Mainpuri. Undoubtedly there was a wave of restlessness passing over the Indian army with very lamentable results in many quarters : but few, if any, Englishmen yet

could imagine a general uprising, still less could officers accredit the possibility of a mutiny in their own regiments.

Yet from all over India had come reports of the strange reluctance which the men of every regiment showed to biting (as the rifle required) the cartridges made at Dum dum, near Calcutta, for the new Enfield Rifle. The reluctance had amounted to truculence and even to open revolt. It was declared that they were smeared with 'beef fat and hog lard,' an affront alike to the Hindu, whose sacred animal is the cow, and to the good Mohammedan, who would never touch a pig, living or dead. So sensitive was Indian feeling that the idea was accepted that this was deliberately done to offend the deepest susceptibilities of the Indian people, and to subvert their most ancient traditions.¹ It was even added that Englishmen were grinding bones in the flour with which the *chupattis* of the army ration were made—and for the same purpose.

The rumours of impending trouble had become increasingly definite, and the Lucknow staff had tapped one which indicated that a general rising of the Indian soldiery, beginning with the murder of every English officer, was timed for 9 o'clock that night.

¹ There is, of course, considerable difference of opinion among historians of the Indian Mutiny as to how far the greased cartridges were a contributory factor, or even an occasion or excuse for the Mutiny. There is little doubt that the inciting cause was the annexation of Oudh.

Yet in the Lucknow mess that Sunday evening the conversation and the stories were kept going the more keenly because of the grim danger hanging over every member and the brooding suspense. It is the British way.

At 9 o'clock the usual gun is fired. Only then conversation stops. Every second seems an hour. Not a sound is heard. The officer at the head of the table turns to his chief of staff: 'Your friends are not punctual,' he says.

Even as he speaks the sharp report of musketry is heard, followed by loud yells and uproar. The officers proceed quietly to the front steps of the Residency and wait for the *syces* to bring their horses. Already tongues of flame eagerly catching to the rafters of the neighbouring houses are evidence of the kind of business that is afoot. The clamours of an angry mob are clearly heard. The sound of a disordered marching of rebel soldiers approaches. Then through the bushes in the garden the sound of the Residency Guard turning out at the double, to form in line before the Residency steps.

But the Guard are disloyal. At least there is every reason to suspect they are. And for three weeks now suspicions concerning native regiments have in every part of Northern India been terribly justified.

It is a tense moment. The native officer is asking if the Guard shall load. 'Yes, let them load,' replied the senior officer. And the entire staff of

the Residency stood in front of a double line of loaded muskets in the hands of mutinous and desperate sepoys. Not a man of them winced. One volley and they would all have been dead men and Lucknow at the mercy of the rebels. Yet not one turned a hair. Slowly and sullenly the Guard marched back to their quarters. Iron composure had won the day. For the time the Residency staff were safe, and one regiment at least was saved from the dastardly ignominy of murdering its own officers.

Yet was it really the courage and composure of a minute that saved them ? Or was it the long untarnished record of fair dealing, of promises never betrayed, of clemency never broken, and of long, unselfish and unwearying service that held the mutinous fingers paralysed on the triggers ? The rebels had their grievances no doubt, and imagined others. But there are stronger things than these in the universe ; and affection and trustworthiness and decision of character are among them. And the officer in charge in Lucknow that day was the newly-appointed Governor of Oudh—Sir Henry Lawrence, of whom the sepoys said, ‘ When Lawrence Sahib had looked once down to the ground and once up to the sky, and stroked his beard, he knew what to do,’ and of whom the Governor-General, Lord Hardinge, had reported ten years before, ‘ The officer Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Lawrence is well known to the [Indian] chiefs by

his energy, talent and integrity : by these qualities he has conciliated their good will and respect.'

Henry Lawrence and his brother John (subsequently Viceroy of India) were the most conspicuous of a group of great and simple Britons, of whom were Herbert Edwardes, John Nicholson, Henry Havelock, James Outram and Colin Campbell, and many others not less noble because less known to fame. These men, in one of the most critical periods of India's history, founded a tradition which represents still Britain's greatest gift to India. Men of very various temperaments and often of conflicting policies, soldiers some of them and statesmen others, they gave to loyalty a new breadth of meaning and they founded, without rule or organization, a chivalry more vital and more comprehensive than anything the Middle Ages knew—richer and more balanced perhaps than anything similar in history. Characteristically they were men of high spirits and physical daring combined with keen intellect and a broad humanity, qualities raised to transcendent value by an intense but simple faith and Christian devotion which they carried naturally alike to the polo field, the mess, the office and the judicial bench. It was surely this which was the root of their amazing and all-round loyalty. Never was England more faithfully represented than she was by these men and those of their type who have followed. Yet never did their own patriotism lead them to forget what they conceived to be the interests of the people.

whom they were called to rule. The outstanding characteristic of them all was that they never broke their promise to an Indian, however hard it was to keep it.¹ '*Faith must be kept whatever it costs us,*' was the watchword Lawrence had taught them. They were the pioneers of a new code of honour in Asiatic politics.

And it was these qualities that stood Henry Lawrence in good stead that Sunday night in Lucknow and saved the Residency staff from being murdered by their own guard. 'Never give in,' was his motto, and for a month his transcendent personal influence kept Lucknow quiet, until the rebel army from Delhi, flushed with success and intoxicated with bloodshed, hemmed in the little garrison—and then seven hundred loyal sepoys stood with them—in the fateful siege during which a chance shell caught their great-souled leader. 'Let every man die at his post, but never make terms,' was his dying injunction. And then with his last breath, 'Here lies Henry Lawrence who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy on him.'

The story of how, inspired by the memory of Henry Lawrence, the garrison, with its precious

¹ Truly did Lord Macaulay write: 'English valour and English intelligence have done less to extend and to preserve our oriental empire than English veracity. All that we could have gained by imitating the doublings, the evasions, the fictions, the perjuries which have been employed against us, is as nothing when compared with what we have gained by being the one power in India on whose word reliance can be placed.'

charge of women and children, short of provisions, shorter still of guns and ammunition, scourged with fever, swept by musketry, bombarded by numerous heavy guns, its defences frequently mined and broken, subjected to never-ending surprises and five times attacked by massed assaults, held the Residency of Lucknow for eighty-seven days till Havelock and Outram broke through to their relief, is one of the epics of British history.

Frail were the works that defended the hold
 that we held with our lives—
Women and children among us, God help
 them, our children and wives !
Hold it we might—and for fifteen days or
 for twenty at most.
' Never surrender, I charge you, but every
 man die at his post !'
Voice of the dead whom we loved, our
 Lawrence the best of the brave :
Cold were his brows when we kiss'd him—
 we laid him that night in his grave.
' Every man die at his post ! ' and there
 hail'd on our houses and halls
Death from their rifle bullets, and death
 from their cannon-balls,
Death in our innermost chamber, and death
 at our slight barricade,
Death while we stood with the musket and
 death while we stoopt to the spade.

• • • • •
Handful of men as we were, we were English
 in heart and in limb,
Strong with the strength of the race to
 command, to obey, to endure,

Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but on him ;
Still—could we watch at all points ? we were every day fewer and fewer.

Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have his due !
Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us, faithful and few,
Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them, and smote them, and slew,
That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.

III

There is no need to tell again here the whole long story of the Indian Mutiny. What befel at Lucknow is but an example of what happened all over Northern India. Henry Lawrence stands for a type. He and the others founded a great tradition. It is for us to hand that tradition on unfading that their names may endure as household words freshly remembered, and that the story of their lives, the principles of their loyalty, and the secret of their faith may be familiarly known and understood by every fresh generation of Englishmen.

For the significance of the Indian Mutiny—otherwise but a tiny incident in the age-long history of India—is that it shows us in strong, fierce light against a grim and sombre background the elemental problems of that amazing adventure upon which Britain all unconsciously embarked when, in the

last day of the year 1600, Queen Elizabeth granted a charter to 'the Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading into the East Indes.'

It is possible, even if it is not likely, that some of these merchant adventurers and bold sea-captains peering into the dim future could forecast whereto their enterprise would lead in the course of two hundred and fifty years. At any rate we can now trace a kind of logical inevitability in the events which proceeded from the purchase for the London market of pepper and spices 'from the islands of the East Indes.' The founding of trading settlements and the contests with French and Portuguese for the most promising : the development of markets, trade routes and exchanges : the establishment of plantations small and large, and the employment of coolies thereon : the growing demand for trained Indian headmen and scholared merchants and clerks : the need of police and military protection : the reproduction on Indian soil of Europe's seventeenth-century wars which led up to Clive's victory over the French at Plassey in 1757 and the proclamation of a protectorate of Bengal—all this reads now at any rate like the record of a logical sequence of events, however little the participators could foresee its trend. And so do the expansions that followed. To be responsible for Bengal proved a heavy burden in itself. But it implied a concern for Bengal's neighbours and involved us in a Mahratta war—and thence in wars with an increasing number of neighbours, and

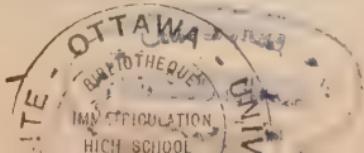
with anyone, in fact, who threatened the general peace and security,¹ until, by the middle of last century, it was said that not a shot could be fired in anger throughout India without the permission of the British Government.

All this synchronized and corresponded truly enough with that great outbreak of British imagination and energy which characterized the last century and gave us the ‘Expansion of England’; and if in itself it ministered to Britain’s wealth, importance and prestige, it was easy, for Englishmen at any rate, to demonstrate that the benefits of British rule were so real as to vindicate it even to India, and to justify the argument that the protection of the British Raj, the impartiality of British administration, and the high standards of British justice were *necessary* to the development of India.

IV

But there is no such simple logic to connect the problems of 1857 with the circumstances of 1921, still less to explain the acceleration with which they have developed. Changes far greater and far more momentous have taken place in India in the sixty years between 1858 and 1918, than in the two hundred and fifty years between the first Charter and the

¹ Just as an extension of the argument in these days leads some people to contend that our security in India now demands our poking a stick into every hornet’s nest between the Bosphorus and the Hindu Kush.



Mutiny. But the roots from which these changes sprang lay most of them deep below the surface of 1857 and some of them drew their nourishment from far beyond the confines of India.

Four of these main roots we now must trace, in order that we may understand the complex situation in the India of to-day and the intricate problems of to-morrow.

The first of these causes arose inevitably—though not obviously—as a corollary of the privileges which the East India Company had assumed. We have seen how during the later decades of the eighteenth century the Company was led on by circumstances into assuming ever-widening ‘protectorates.’ It was soon evident that protecting involved (in the disordered condition of India at that time) governing ; and so, to tell truth, did the commercial and personal interests of the Company. To govern was to undertake an inevitable responsibility towards the people governed—as the terrible Indian famine of 1770 spurred England to recognize.

The more far-sighted statesmen, like Clive, Warren Hastings, and Cornwallis, saw that this involved hammering a trading company into a government for one thing and establishing standards of disinterested administration for another. And they had the courage to say so. Gradually the conscience of Britain, too, awoke and demanded clearly that India be governed for the good of its people. India

was a boon to the Trading Company all right. Public opinion now demanded that the Trading Company should become a boon to India.

That was the compact, unspoken at first, but since formulated with increasing definiteness by each succeeding government of Britain and repeated by our Sovereigns as the Word of the British people so long as the partnership endures—that government shall be for the benefit of the governed, that the British Raj exists in India to benefit India.¹

That conception has been at once the corner-stone and the bulwark of British rule in India, as also the guarantee of India's truest hopes.

And there lay in it a living seed, hardly discerned at first, which is showing now, after one hundred years, the earliest shoots that may presage the coming of a new and wondrous tree in the forest of the great nations of the world—the nation of India. For when the Company went trading round the Cape to the far-off islands of the East, they found a geographical peninsula called India. But there was no Indian *nation*; nor ever had been. Nor is there

¹ · *It is our earnest desire to stimulate the peaceful industry of India, to promote works of public utility and improvement, and to administer the government for the benefit of all our subjects resident therein.*

'In their prosperity will be our strength, in their contentment our security, and in their gratitude our best reward.'—Queen Victoria's Proclamation to the People and Princes of India, November 1, 1858, when, at the close of the Mutiny, the Government, hitherto vested in the East India Company, was transferred to the Crown.

yet. For until unified under British rule India in her five thousand years of history had never been united. Never had Indian thought conceived of a patriotism in terms of the whole of India¹ until the ideals of the British Raj taught Englishmen, and then more slowly Indians also, to learn to think and work *for the benefit of India*.

For the peninsula of India is as big as Europe without Russia and contains as many people. But they are far more deeply sundered than the European nations by race, by language, by tradition, by ancient antagonisms, by conflicting ideals, by religions some of them intolerant and proscriptive, by all the intervening stages of development between the unclad, raw-flesh-eating hill peoples at one extreme, and at the other, the gentlemen whose innate nobility, modern education and knowledge of affairs, make them welcome alike around the Peace Table at Versailles or in first-class cricket at 'Lords.'

And in addition to this, the great Aryan race of two hundred and twenty million people in India is cross-divided by a system of caste which gives religious sanction for a solidarity within each caste, but in doing so tends to erect barriers of separation between the classes so hard to overcome that co-operation between disparate castes has been all but impossible, and which designates fifty million compatriots as 'untouchables.'

¹ Any more than European peoples had thought of themselves in terms of Europe

The first contribution then of the British Raj has been to teach these people to learn to think in terms of India. It was many decades before Hindu and Moslem could be brought to sit together in Public Committees or Councils. And although, stimulated by the ever-increasing pressure towards unity, Hindus are making most praiseworthy efforts to mitigate the barriers of caste, extremely few instances can yet be found of Brahmin and Pariah working personally together for the benefit of India, except in the case where both have found the basis of their common manhood in Jesus Christ, and have learned to meet around His board and for the furtherance of His Kingdom.

Yet the long internal peace which British rule has imposed, and the inevitable reaction of every people under foreign domination, and the splendid influence of some far-sighted Indian leaders, have set moving such a tide towards unity that already it is reasonable to talk of the possibility of a united India.

V

The second main root from which the India of to-day has grown, runs back to—or rather starts abruptly from—the drafting of an Administrative Minute by Lord Macaulay in 1834, which Seeley described as ‘the great landmark in the history of our Empire considered as an institute of civilization,’ and which summarized the issue of a vigorous and

impassioned controversy which had raged for ten years with regard to the education of Indian youths.¹ Concerning this discussion Seeley wrote : ‘Never on this earth was a more momentous question discussed.’

What was the question ? Not whether Indian boys should be educated. For the Company had been clamouring for clerks for years. Moreover there had been schools in India long before there were any in England. Hinduism had developed a system of thorough tutorship for high-caste boys under *gurus*—religious teachers. The question therefore was not whether boys should be taught, but *what* they should be taught.

On the one side were a group of splendid Englishmen, the ‘Orientalists,’ who had been researching into ancient Hindu and Sanskrit literature, exploring its wondrous wealth of poetry and legend, amazed at its glittering pantheism, bewildered by its antiquity and richness. There was much to be said for their plea that India’s literature was the proper pabulum for Indian boys. And some of them argued (as Meredith Townsend years later) that nothing would ever change Asia.

The East bowed low before the blast,
In patient deep disdain ;
She let the legions thunder past
Then plunged in thought again.

¹ C. F. Andrews, *The Renaissance of India*. The second chapter, on education, of this very alive book is particularly good.

That pretty much expressed their somewhat doleful attitude.

On the other side of the controversy it is fine to realize that the arguments of the Company officials that it was clerks they wanted and therefore English, writing and arithmetic, did not weigh decisively. Nor did Macaulay's unwarrantable contempt for the Indian literature of which he knew nothing. The controversy was carried out into the fresh air and the light of day and discussed on a high plane where views were long.

The 'Anglicists' maintained that it was the duty of England to pass on to India the best she had herself; that western knowledge developed in Christian countries was nearer the laws of truth and progress than anything India possessed; that the discoveries of science belonged to all men.

The Anglicist arguments were reinforced by two of the most remarkable men who ever served India. One, a little, wizened, yellow, old man, a cobbler by trade, had landed twenty years before in British India as a Christian missionary, had been banished for his pains, had taken refuge in the Danish Colony of Serampore and had there founded—long before Macaulay appeared upon the scene—an English college which carried out Macaulay's theories and which to this day holds a foremost place among India's educational institutions. William Carey—the great William Carey—ignoring the ill-treatment he had received from British officials put the success-

ful results of his experiment at the Government's and Lord Macaulay's disposal.

The other reinforcement of the Anglicists was a very different person, also a missionary, who plunged into the controversy at its critical stage. Alexander Duff was only twenty-four and had but recently arrived from a Scottish University. But he had a quick perception of a situation and a headlong enthusiasm. Without hesitation he ranged himself on the side of the Anglicists, and without waiting for Macaulay's decision founded—in association with an equally remarkable young Indian, Rajah Ram Mohan Roy—an English college in Calcutta.

Thus it was that Government and Christian missionaries were associated in a step which opened up to Indian schoolboys and college students the wealth of European literature, the achievements of modern science, the political ideals of Western Europe and America, and the secrets of the Christian religion. But in doing so tended to shut them off from the learning, traditions and history of Asia.

It was not many years before Englishmen were teaching from text-books, and thereby commanding, histories of the French Revolution, the politics of John Stuart Mill's 'On Liberty,' the pleadings of Mazzini's ardent nationalism, the principles of democracy in the United States, the theory of evolution, the wonders (and the uses) of steam, electricity, and dynamite, and, most potent of all, the New Testament.

Truly, 'never on this earth was a more momentous question discussed' . . . or determined !

The conception of a united India and therewith of a new patriotism which Britain had planted in India ; the doors which she had flung wide open to all the winds of the world's thought and to the currents of modern progress : these influences had given a new impetus, a new orientation and a new vitality to Indian life and thought. Their effects and consequences have multiplied cumulatively in each fresh generation of young India. Until, as we trace the dominant ideas—political, social, economic—of each decade say of the last sixty years, we are confronted by a bewildering movement of thought and ideal more rapid perhaps than anything in history.¹

So far as progressive thought and political idealism is concerned, the long ages of Indian history up to the middle of the last century may well be compared to the placid waters of the great Canadian rivers, drawing their sources from the mysterious seclusion of eternal snows, slowly pursuing their leisurely way, buffeted by rock and boulder and dam, now joining their courses, now separating them, then swelling into the great inland

¹ 'In India all these great movements are pouring in in one and the same generation : their intellectual renaissance, their religious reformation, their political revolution, their economic unsettlement. And added to these is the great social revolution in the coming emancipation of women and the solution of caste.'—A. G. Fraser in 1912

lakes, and gathering again into the deep still stream at Buffalo that bears no token of the coming cataclysm.

And if so, the last sixty years have seen the great Niagara of India's social and political thinking, where the pent-up passion and power of ages have found release—a hazardous release maybe—but magnificent as an exhibition of latent energy and possibility, and pregnant with incalculable power for the blessing and enrichment of mankind.

'We are watching,' said Lord Morley in introducing his great Government of India Bill in the House of Lords in 1910, 'a great and stupendous process, the reconstruction of a decomposed Society. What we found was described as a parallel to Europe in the fifth century. We have now, as it were, in that vast congeries of people we call India, a long slow march through all the centuries from the fifth to the twentieth. Stupendous indeed. And to guide that transition with sympathy, political wisdom and courage, with a sense of humanity, duty and national honour, may well be called a glorious mission.'

VI

But there has been yet another influence at work, at once more gentle and more potent than any other. Or the history of British India would have been very different and the outlook to-day sombre and grim indeed. It came to Northern India quietly

and without fuss just a century ago,¹ brought by a few men whose faith called them to attempt impossible things, whose courage was daunted neither by inimical statutes nor undeserved contempt, and whose devotion to a high ideal made them indifferent to the allurements of Company pay or Government prestige.

These men dared to believe that if India was to be benefited by British rule, if she was to develop her innate resources of character, if she was to find a sure basis of national unity, if she was to absorb western learning without turning light-headed or reckless, if she was to withstand the corroding influences of European commerce, if she was to advance along sure paths of political progress and take her fair place among the leading nations of mankind—she needed a new soul, not simply a new body-politic nor merely polished brains.

The labours of a Christian missionary are unromantic enough, at least on the outside. They

¹ The 'Syrian' Christian Church had of course been planted in Southern India many centuries ago, some say in the first century A.D., but it had long ceased to be self-extending. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel had sent out chaplains to India in the eighteenth century. But their business was with the white settlers. Carey and Marshman were promptly banished when they arrived in British India in 1800. It was not until 1813 that a Bill, with a clause permitting persons to engage in missionary work in British India, was passed by Parliament. Concerning this clause, which was passed at 3 a.m. after an all-night sitting, the great Wilberforce wrote: 'I am persuaded that we have raised the foundation-stone of the grandest edifice that was ever raised in Asia.'

involve the application of a man's best powers to apparently small things and the devotion of his love and service to insignificant and sometimes unlovable people. They set genius to grapple with the elementary vocabularies of barbarous tongues or to teach small boys to wash their bodies. They are crippled for lack of funds and starved of sympathy by people who should know better.

The missionary's business is to bear witness to Him who did not strive nor cry nor cause His voice to be heard in the streets, who came to a mother in the outhouse of a village inn, who lived the life of an artisan for thirty years and for three that of a travelling teacher, and yet who brought to plain men's lives the glory and radiance, the sympathy and self-giving, the joy and confidence, the love and the triumph of God Himself. So that men no longer are left to stretch earnest hands out into the darkness, nor to seek for the image of God in their own treacherous hearts, nor to depend upon the glimpses of truth which prophets had. They may know what God is like, for He is there—nay He is *here*—in Jesus.

Even as the King of men came from that humble home, so has His Kingdom been coming in India from humble sources and by lowly means—‘without observation.’ But it has been the gentling, ennobling, vitalizing, fertilizing force beyond all others, though still in its beginning.

Apart from that Kingdom, the labours of the Congress of Vienna would have been more futile

than they were ; the *Risorgimento* of Italy would have been impossible ; the negro would be still in chains. Similarly we cannot imagine to-day what the plight of India would have been but for the dawning of that Kingdom upon her heart and conscience in this her most critical and formative period. For quite over and above the three and a half million souls gathered into the Christian Church, no other influence has achieved so much for the uplifting and ennobling of the ideals of India, as the sunrise of the Christian Gospel.¹

What else has taught her the dignity and worth of human souls, inculcated the obligation of service, preached and practised brotherhood, given dynamic to moral teaching, uplifted personal, social and family life and proclaimed the possibility for all of personal purity ? What else has so clearly summoned India to follow high and unselfish ends ? Or taught her to discipline her patriotic ambitions

¹ ‘Let me tell you what I consider the greatest miracle of the present day. It is this : That to this country, with its over 300 millions of people, there should come from a little island, unknown even by name to our forefathers, many thousand miles distant from our shores, and with a population of about fifty to sixty millions, a message so full of spiritual life and strength as the Gospel of Christ. This surely is a miracle if there ever was one. And this message has not only come, but is finding a response in our hearts. The process of the conversion of India to Christ may not be going on as rapidly as you hope, or exactly in the manner you hope, but nevertheless I say India is being converted. The ideas which lie at the heart of the Gospel of Christ are slowly but surely permeating every phase of Hindu thought.’—Sir Narayan G. Chardavarkar, Judge of the High Court of Bombay.

to the claims of others and to the supreme synthesis of a world-wide Kingdom of God ?¹

Truly the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a mustard seed !

VII

‘It was Japan’s victory over Russia that lit a beacon of new hope for all the East. The effect was instantaneous. One felt it immediately amongst one’s students. A new dignity and self-respect, a new enterprise and hope inspired them. Up to that moment they had been listless, sluggish. But now all was changed. They were eager and alert. Any lecture on “character” would draw a crowded audience. They wanted only to know how they could lift their country higher.’² Thus in dramatic

¹ The author remembers, some twelve years ago, a young Indian student, now one of the Christian leaders of India, addressing a great gathering in England. Speaking in the soft, resonant tones which an Oriental uses when he is deeply moved, he said :—‘East and West, they say, can never meet. I remember a man from the West who came to live amongst us in our Eastern City in my student days. He was delicate, he did not have advantages of manner or person to attract. But he lived beside us for three years, at the end of which time he had to leave us, shattered in health, never more to return. Three years is a short time in the life of a man, and when he left there were no bricks and mortar to show where he had been. But he had builded greatly in the hearts of a few men. In him we found East and West could meet ; for we met in One who was both of East and West, in the Man Christ Jesus. And the great stream of life in India to-day flows fuller, richer, purer towards the ages, because some of us received from that man of the living waters he had himself drawn in his close contact with Him who is the Fountain of all Life.’

² W. E. S. Holland, *The Goal of India*, p. 193.

phrase did the Principal of St Paul's College, Calcutta (than whom few Englishmen know Indian students better) summarize the coming of the other great formative influence, the fourth of the main roots which we have been tracing which have contributed to the growth of the India of to-day. The root proper starts there in 1905 at the news of the fall of Port Arthur. But rootlets run scattered a few years further back.

The electric current of a new national spirit, generated during the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars, which vibrated across Europe, re-creating Italy, galvanizing the German States, rousing into vigorous life Greece and Belgium and the Balkan peoples, had in the last decade of the nineteenth century reached Asia also. Even immense, immobile China was heaving uneasily as though waking from an age-long sleep. Alert, eager, strenuous Japan was palpably making ready for very vigorous work—or fighting—in the new century. In India voices strangely novel were heard, and organizations with startling mottoes emblazoned upon their literature were started. Then came the Russo-Japanese war in which the small Asiatic island nation of Japan defeated the massive power of European Russia. ‘Every Asiatic felt himself recreated by that event.’ ‘Even the most ignorant peasants were tingling with the news.’

It was like the shaking of a super-saturated solution. All the incoherent talking in the bazaars

of Asia crystallized : all the political learning and the history which Britishers had introduced to Indian students had the significance of a new practicality. America's War of Independence ! The French Revolution ! The bloody struggle for Italian unity ! These are the things the world admires ! Cromwell, Washington, Mill, Burke, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Bright, Gladstone ! These have been held up to us as heroes, as champions of Liberty ! It is small wonder if hundreds of Indian students, struggling to master British law in lonely and dingy London lodgings, have dreamed that they were potential Mazzinis in exile.

Nor is it surprising that educated India—or more accurately the India which has been to school (for the shame of it is that our system of education in India gives to the great majority of students but a smattering of learning)—has definitely and vociferously proclaimed its purpose to work for independence, or at least for independence on Colonial lines within the Empire.

And Britain has promised to work towards that same end too. Her avowed purpose is to train India for Home Rule and then to give it to her.¹

¹ ‘The policy of His Majesty's Government, with which the Government of India are in complete accord, is that of the increasing association of Indians in every branch of the administration, and the gradual development of self-governing institutions, with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India, as an integral part of the British Empire. They have decided that substantial steps in this direction should be taken as soon as possible, and that it

And every fresh year proves how much Indians are doing to fit themselves to grapple with their country's vast problems, and to justify the confidence which English policy increasingly manifests in them.

But *when*? That is the question. And the answers vary all the way between a year and several centuries hence. And which is right?

Plainly, the answer lies first with India. For there are few among Englishmen to-day who would dispute a general statement, that India ought to *is of the highest importance as a preliminary to considering what these steps should be that there should be a free and informal exchange of opinion between those in authority at home and in India.'*—Announcement by the Secretary of State for India in the House of Commons, August 20th, 1917.

' . . . We have shown how, step by step, British policy in India has been steadily directed to a point at which the question of a self-governing India was bound to arise. . . . We believe profoundly that the time has now come when the sheltered existence which we have given India cannot be prolonged without damage to her national life; that we have a richer gift for her people than any that we have yet bestowed on them; that nationhood within the Empire represents something better than anything India has hitherto attained; that the placid, pathetic contentment of the masses is not the soil on which such Indian nationhood will grow, and that in deliberately disturbing it we are working for her highest good.

' . . . We have great influences working with us in the spirit of liberty that is stirring in Asia as in the rest of the world, and the intense desire of educated Indians to prove that their long period of tutelage may be ended, and that they may take their place in the forefront of the world as a self-governing part of the Empire. The task is a great and worthy one, but it calls for some effort and self-sacrifice from every element in the community.'—See 'Report on Indian Constitutional Reforms,' 1918 (Montagu - Chelmsford), pp. 5, 119-20.

have Home Rule as soon as she is capable of exercising it.

But it lies secondarily, and with no less responsibility, with Englishmen—and with the Englishmen of to-morrow who are at school to-day. First, that we prepare ourselves to bring fair and unbiassed judgment and an intelligent sympathy to the situation when it shall arise. Secondly, that in the meantime we shall sincerely and deliberately prepare and train India for self-government.

And what does that involve? That is fit subject for strenuous debates—and for lives of devoted study.

Here we will only offer headings for the intending speakers! It means surely—

(a) A continued and carefully judged series of Indian 'Reforms' developing the lines of those already adopted,¹ giving to Indians an increasing responsibility (as they are able to bear it) in the administration of their country.

(b) Patience with political extremists. For 'to call men traitors may make men traitors.'

(c) An attempt to make all higher education more thorough and to relate it more closely to the actual needs and problems of India (redressing in some measure the excesses to which the pure Anglicist theories have led)—to make it in fact a deliberate training of Indian leadership.

¹ e.g. in Lord Morley's Bills and in the 'Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms,' etc.

(d) A programme to extend education to the masses of India—and to girls as well as to boys—so that the, at present, pitifully small body of Indians qualified to rule (many of whom become agitators instead) may be backed and upheld and guided along paths of true development by a healthy and well-informed public opinion.

(e) The recognition that India's greatest need is character and high ideals, and that ultimately these will only come to her life vitally and permanently as she finds her way out into harmony with the Truth, which is God's character—revealed to us in Jesus.

VIII

In case it may seem that this vision of a free and self-governing India is some hurried improvisation to meet a temporary clamour, or the fabrication of ultra-liberal statesmen, this chapter shall close with the words of one of the builders of British India, Herbert Edwardes, friend, pupil and biographer of Henry Lawrence, 'born leader of men' as Lord Lawrence, the great Viceroy, described him, who by the ascendancy of his character and the magnetism of his influence held the North-West Frontier quiet throughout the Indian Mutiny :

' . . . the greatest and oldest and saddest of India's wants is religious truth—a revelation of the real nature of the God whom for ages she has been "ignorantly worshipping" ;—suppose this conviction, springing

up in the hearts of a few young men, were to work like leaven there, and spread from home to home, and gradually grow up into that giant thing that statesmen cannot hold—the public opinion of the land—what would be the consequence? Why, this. The English people would resolve to do their duty. This battling, independent England, which has fought so hard to be allowed to govern herself, would do unto others as she has wished to be done by. This humbled England, which also fought so hard to withhold self-government from America, would recoil from another War of Independence. This free and sympathizing country, which has now a heart for Italy, and shouts across these narrower seas, “Italy for the Italians!” would lift that voice still higher, and shout across the world, “India for the Indians!” In short, England, taught by both past and present, would set before her the noble policy of first fitting India for freedom, and then setting her free.

‘Believe me, this is not merely a glorious dream. Do not dismiss it as a lofty but vain aspiration. Right is never too high, and unselfish hope is never vain. Don’t grovel in present difficulties and their dust. Look up! Look out into the future of India and your country! Look high! Aim high. Reach high. And you will elevate your times. It may take years—it may take a century—to fit India for self-government, but it is a thing worth doing and a thing that may be done. It is a distinct and intelligible Indian policy for England to pursue—a way for both countries out

of the embarrassments of their twisted destinies. Then set it before you. Believe in it. Hope for it. Work up to it in all your public acts and votes, and conversations with your fellow-men. And ever remember that there is but one way by which it can be reached. There is but one principle which has the life in it to regenerate a pagan nation by regenerating its atoms. That way, that principle, is Christianity. Till India is leavened with Christianity she will be unfit for freedom. When India is leavened with Christianity she will be unfit for any form of slavery, however mild. England may then leave her; with an overthrown idolatry, and a true faith built up; with developed resources; and with an enlightened and awakened people no longer isolated in the East, but linked with the civilized races of the West.

‘Yes! England may leave her, keeping nothing but that commerce which she found so small and has made so vast. England may leave her—freely, frankly, gladly, proudly leave the stately daughter she has reared, to walk the future with a free imperial step.’¹

¹ From a speech quoted in the *Life of Sir Herbert Edwardes, K.C.B., K.C.S.I.*, by his wife, vol. ii., pp. 242-3.

CHAPTER V

HOW BOTHA AND SMUTS SAVED A COMMONWEALTH

A peace is of the nature of a conquest :
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loses.

SHAKESPEARE
Henry IV

I

WHILE Englishmen were fighting the Wars of the Roses, Portuguese pioneers were exploring South-East Africa. When Shakespeare was a boy, an army of the King of Portugal was three or four hundred miles up the Zambezi River.

For during the adventurous days of Queen Elizabeth, when the good ships of Devon sailed westward across the northern seas to explore the new-found land which lay beyond the setting of the sun, the ships of King Sebastian of Portugal sailed southward to the latitude of 35° where at last, as Vasco da Gama had found, the coast of Africa gave way, opening a sea road to Asia and the East.

The Portuguese had always been the pioneers of these southern seas. Already the sailors of Prince Henry the Navigator, steering south-eastwards from Madeira and Teneriffe, had explored the Gulf of Guinea with its languid water and oily shores of mangrove swamps, and had even established a dock and refitting station in the great shallow lagoon of Lagos. They had pursued the coast further south, barren, parched, and desolate, until the sea water became cool once more and fresh breezes blew and green attractive harbours welcomed the adventurers ashore. There the seamen had found a land of 'Good Hope'—a country more romantic, and by no means less hospitable, than the land of

promise which Columbus had discovered westwards across the Atlantic Ocean. ‘A very healthy and temperate land,’ writes an old chronicler, ‘very fit and useful to be cultivated and inhabited and produce all kinds of fruit ; and although it appears to be somewhat mountainous and hilly, there are also very fine and wide valleys covered with verdure and sweet-smelling herbs, as well as many green woods and bushes where herds of stags and deer are seen grazing, all very pleasant and delightful to behold.’

The inhabitants, a negro race, ‘naked like the men of Guinea, but not so black,’ who ‘clucked in their speech like a brood hen,’ had shown little desire to oppose them, and had even come down riding on oxen to welcome them upon the shore. So the adventurers had sailed on, hugging the coast ‘with much pleasure, merry making, and playing of trumpets,’ past an island covered with thousands of seals ‘so savage that they attacked men like bulls.’ They survived storms which buffeted the little ships till the sailors ‘did nothing but call upon God, thinking more of repenting of their sins than of managing the sails. For the shadow of death was over everything.’ So on the Feast of the Nativity they had sighted and christened Natal, and came to Sofala, whence they looked eastwards across the Indian Ocean to Asia. There, in the hot squelching mud beside the fever-laden river, the Portuguese had built their first fortress camp.

But what were they there for?

Primarily they were there for religion. Prince Henry the Navigator, as ardent a crusader as Richard Cœur de Lion himself, had conceived the idea that the most effective method of countering the advance on the Mediterranean coasts of the savage Moslem armies, would be to send an expedition round the continent of Africa 'to take them in the rear.' This was the original purpose of the Portuguese expeditions under Bartholomew Diaz and Vasco da Gama. The fact explains how, from the first, wherever Portuguese met Arab he regarded him as an open enemy, though it by no means justifies the ingenious tortures and the devilish cruelties to which the 'Christian' expeditionaries subjected even peaceful Arab traders whom they captured.

Soon, however, there were other incentives to Portuguese adventurers. The natives, when in friendly mood, showed the sailors feather-quills containing gold dust. And the Kaffirs said this came from 'Fur,' or 'Fura.' That was enough to authenticate all the old fables about the gold of Ophir. The adventurers identified the names, and were quickly convinced that they were on the track of the mines from which King Solomon drew his wealth and adorned his temple. Soon all Portugal was in a fever to find the goldfields and quite convinced that they lay just inland from the swamps of Sofala. Each fresh indication of gold in the interior was magnified until the current stories

were prodigious indeed. It was said by one writer that the gold was so plentiful that great lumps of it were forced up out of the ground by the trees and were to be found in the forks of the branches !

Hence it was that about the middle of the sixteenth century there passed through the mud-swamp 'fortress' on the banks of the Sofala surely the most fantastic expedition history has ever known. A thousand knights, clad in breastplates of mail and buff, set out to thread the tortuous trails through the long grass beside the Zambezi River and climb painfully the heated rocks—in search of the gold of Ophir. The expedition proved as ill-fated as it was ill-conceived. The knights suffered from sunstroke and dysentery and all manner of fevers. Their cattle were stung and their horses killed by the tsetse flies. They became involved in a native affray between Monomotopas and Mongas, and only a few were saved at last, facing outwards in a hollow square around their swivel gun an army of ten thousand Kaffirs armed with assegais, who advanced in crescent formation, led by a woman sorceress. But they found no gold worth working—only a few deep holes in the ground with some Kaffirs painfully at work. 'With the earth which they dug up they filled their basins and went to wash it in the river, each one obtaining from it four or five grains of gold, it being altogether a poor and miserable business. . . . There was nothing

to be done but to retreat and leave the Kaffirs working in their holes.¹

It all reads like some strange dream-fantasy of the troubles yet to be. But it ended the legend of the gold country behind the coast. For two hundred and fifty years no one thought of South Africa as a country of mineral wealth. For it was not until the latter half of the nineteenth century that engineers and chemists saw the promise of the gold seams of the Rand and the diamonds of Kimberley.²

II

A hundred years passed and the changes in Europe were reflected in the southern and eastern seas. Portugal fallen from her high estate had become a vassal province of Spain. The royal flag of Castille floated over the fort of San Sebastian. But Spain's glory had passed too. Virile northern nations of harder stock and sturdier sea-training were in the ascendant. No longer was Spain a queen of the seas. British seamen had shattered her proud Armada, and Dutch sailors in their fast-sailing little galliots which out-sailed and out-fought the stately slow-moving sea castles of Spain had

¹ Vide *South Africa*, by I. D. Colvin, 'Romance of the Empire' Series, p. 42.

² Diamonds were discovered in 1869, and gold quartz soon afterwards. But it was not till 1886 that the significance of the rich reliable gold seams was understood or appreciated, and mining for gold became in South Africa a commercial and not merely a speculative undertaking.

helped to drive her from the ocean. They had chased the unwieldy Spanish galleons ashore in the shallow uncharted lagoons which fringe the Indian Ocean and driven them from Din and Goa and Ceylon. They had wrested from them the trade in nutmegs and cloves of the spice islands and the Moluccas, eager ‘to doe the Portingalls all the spoyle that may bee, and to destroy their carricks and galleons.’ For Holland, at the zenith of her power, after her successful struggle in the Low Countries, was concentrating the whole energy of her national life upon developing her trade and influence in the East and in consolidating her Dutch East India Company.

Thus it came about that in the opening years of the seventeenth century Dutch, British, and French trading vessels were jostling one another in all the harbours of the southern coasts of Africa. By the middle of that century (in Cromwell’s days) the Dutch, under the famous Jan Van Riebeek, had founded a depot above Table Bay and, by the end of it, Huguenot refugees from France poured in as settlers—making easy friendships with the Dutch Protestants—till they formed one-sixth of the white population.

III

It is hardly likely that the statesmen of Vienna devoted much time to the consideration of an insignificant seamen’s quarrel on the remote shores

of an almost limitless continent, six thousand miles away from the immense, tangled, urgent problems of the stricken Europe whose troubles primarily they were met to compose. Yet among the minor re-arrangements with which they paved the way for their Treaty was a small bargain effected by Lord Castlereagh, whereby the King of the Netherlands transferred the control of the depot near Table Bay—then used by the ships of all nations trading in the East as a victualling station—together with its unprofitable hinterland, to the British Crown for six million pounds.¹

Whenever was there such a fateful purchase for six million pounds ? We can look back now across a century and more and see the tremendous profit and loss account which the bargain has brought, not to our Empire only but to the world at large —to the Boer colonists and their descendants, to the natives of the country (those, at any rate, who survived the first plague of smallpox which came with the white man, and almost wiped out the Kaffir population), to Chinese and Indian coolies who

¹ The (Dutch) colony, bankrupt, disorganized, and embroiled in dangerous quarrels with the natives, had been surrendered by its helpless ‘governor’ to General Craig, who arrived with a British military expedition in 1795. It had been receded to the Dutch—the Batavian Republic—in 1804 (by the Treaty of Amiens). But England had taken temporary possession once more in 1806. It was also part of the arrangement of 1814–15 that England should return to Holland most of the Dutch possessions in the East Indies which she had seized and administered during the Napoleonic Wars.

were gathered there to hurry the race for the untold wealth of the diamond mines, to the adventurers of all nations who poured in to exploit the gold seams of the Rand.

The purchase contained nine Kaffir wars at least. It cost many a wound to British prestige, and the loss of many a good man's reputation. It involved our island people in a veritable vortex of racial problems, raised to their greatest potency of evil in the presence of gold and diamonds undreamed of before in history. The bargain brought us immediately against the problem of co-operating with the independent colonists sprung from a race of adventurers—proud, self-reliant, self-opinionated, self-satisfied, nursed like ourselves in a dour northern climate and hardened by long years of national struggle—who felt then, as they have felt since, that South Africa was theirs, whether they managed or mismanaged it, whether they chose to develop it themselves or merely to exploit those who did, whether they moved with the times and pursued ‘progressive’ policies, or chose to approximate their civilization as nearly as possible to that of Abraham and Lot. Into the bargain, therefore, must go the two costly and humiliating wars with these our fellow Europeans, fought on African soil against men whom, though we hated in peace, we learned to respect in war. The two Boer wars¹—including Majuba Hill and Magers-

¹ Of 1880 and 1899.

fontein—were a part of that purchase for six million pounds. And so was the Peace of Vereenigen and the Union of South Africa and all that that meant for the Allies in Europe during the Great War.

IV

It was all very well for the statesmen of Europe to barter distant territories or play them as counters in the game of European politics. The land may be ceded, but the allegiance of its people has to be *won*—and that is a much harder matter. The Dutch had already sown a coaling station and reaped a colony before we bought a colony and found it an Empire. And nobody now who reads those early records of British administration of the Cape Colony will contend that we embarked upon our task with any just appreciation of the difficulties before us. To the colonists in South Africa we were marauders of territory or interlopers at best. In 1815 the white population of twenty-seven thousand Europeans was predominantly Dutch with an infusion of proud and hardy Huguenot blood. These Dutchmen were the descendants of the men who withstood Philip II of Spain, of the men who opened the dykes and laid their country under water rather than yield to Louis XIV of France. And it was the most adventurous spirits of this race who had settled in South Africa in these early days, when there was little enough to attract men to the limitless but infertile veld but the lure of

a free life and the love of risk. Such men were neither afraid of danger nor deterred by misfortune. But they hated to be managed. They despised all rule but their primitive pastoral patriarchy. They detested the irksomeness of being governed. Twice already they had revolted against the rule of their own countrymen. But as for owning allegiance to a British Cabinet, or to any Governor whom that Cabinet might appoint, they could see no sense or advantage in that—whatever bargains the Prince of Orange or Lord Castlereagh might have made in Europe.¹

So we took up our first burden of South African rule with a strong conviction of our duty to be just, liberal, progressive, efficient, but with little sensitivity towards the feelings of the people most concerned. Often when we did the right thing we did it in the wrong way. Again and again when we meant to conciliate we caused only irritation or resentment. We exasperated almost as much by our virtues as by our blunders. Justice ! progress ! efficiency ! Why should the simple Boer—as straight and moral and God-fearing a man as any colonist who ever lived—want to have these things organized for him ? ‘ Justice ’—that seemed in practice to lead to an unimaginative British Cabinet

¹ It should be remembered that only one out of eight Europeans in South Africa at this time spoke English. The remainder spoke Dutch. The story with authentic facts and figures is admirably told in *The Land of Good Hope*, by the Rev. Herbert Moore. See especially Chapter IV therein.

always taking the side of the native against him. ‘Progress’—he hated the word, he had left Holland to escape it. He honestly wanted to go backwards along the path which most people called ‘progress’ and to get back to ‘freedom’ and ‘simple life’—as many of us have talked since those days. And as for ‘efficiency’—that merely meant officialdom and tax-collectors. He asked no public benefits. Why should he pay taxes on an ever-ascending scale? Right or wrong the Boer would not do it. He preferred to move on.

So in the years round 1837 there took place the strangest and most romantic exodus of modern times. Long files of huge tent-covered lumbering wagons, ‘ships’ of the great rolling veld—sometimes a thousand together—with yokes of even thirty or forty oxen apiece, driving herds of milch cows, horses, sheep, and goats before them, and carrying all that was portable of the possessions of families rich and poor, moved slowly up towards the ever-receding sky-line of the high veld, and on over the crest and down the long gentle slope beyond to the bush-veld, where the big game roamed in thousands and the wildest tales were true. Many of them left behind them the homestead and the property which they and their fathers had arduously built up or acquired through long years of toil. They exchanged it for the life of a man who goes where and as he likes and carries his home with him; and in doing so they faced a life of vicissitude

and suffering and adventure which surpasses all fiction. But every mile, as they trekked northwards, was putting distance between them and government—until, at the bottom of the gentle slope, they crossed the Orange River, the furthest limit of the British ‘claim,’ halted in the new no-man’s land,¹ and proclaimed it theirs—beyond the reach of King of Netherlands, or British Cabinet.

Boers would tell you that what happened in the Great Trek is symbolical and typical of all their history. It had been true of them before the British came; always they had sought to trek beyond the fence of government. In the period 1834 to 1838 more than half the colonist population were involved. And the trekking has continued ever since. It was a movement essentially of men to whom ‘*distant hills are always green.*’ But the dream of getting beyond any government was an impossible one. And these Boer settlers were almost as unwilling to accept the responsibilities of governing themselves (or, at least, the territories they occupied) as to accept any outside interference.

Hardly had they crossed the Orange River than they were set upon by Zulus and embroiled in feuds with Hottentots and Griquas. . . . It is a long story, with many sides to it, but the upshot was that they found the long strong arm of British

¹ i.e. in the territory which became known as the Orange River Colony and later the Orange Free State.

Government stretched out to ‘protect’—and then to rule them. It pushed them up from the Orange River to the Vaal. It shut them in from Natal. It butted down from Griqualand. It barred their way on the frontier of Rhodesia, and it left them in the end the country beyond (north of) the Vaal—the ‘Transvaal’¹—lying like the stone of a peach in the heart of the white men’s colonies of South Africa.

V

We need not here discuss at length the faults of the rule which the Boers set up in their South African Republic. Manifestly they would think it unfair that we should judge it by the very standards which they had detested—justice, progress, efficiency. They, or at any rate the camarilla who gathered around their old ‘Dopper’² President Kruger, held the view that this, at last and at least, was Boer territory, for Boers to do what they liked in: and that even if bustling English gold seekers and energetic American prospectors did exploit its mines, that was no reason why they should not be excluded from citizenship and denied a vote, nor why they should complain if as ‘Uitlanders’ they were heavily taxed and placed under numerous

¹ And later the Orange Free State which lay beside the Transvaal, but was never so predominantly Boer, and had its own independent constitution.

² The nickname given to the small, strait, and extremely exclusive religious sect to which Paul Kruger belonged.

and vexatious disabilities from which the Boers themselves (although by this time only a minority of the white population of the Transvaal) were free.

Here, then, were dangers enough in the antagonisms of the two temperaments and in the conflicting ideals of Boer and Briton. For mistrust easily becomes suspicion and antipathy passes quickly into hate. And war may be only the outbreak of suspicion and hatred which were latent in peace. But the difficulties had been intensified all along by the pressure of an overwhelmingly numerous native population, some sections of which were warriors of a savage brigand type and adepts at playing off their enemies one against the other.

The menace of Zulus and Matabeles to peaceful Boers, and the British fear of Kaffirs getting the upper hand of white men, these things all along had contributed to the inherent difficulties in the situation and the unnecessary blunders on every hand.

Then there had been a slave question. The Boers had introduced slaves in very early days, importing meek negroes from the East Indies to work their farms and labour in the harbour of the depot. And the English had abolished slavery and emancipated the slaves throughout their dominions, compensating slave owners from imperial funds, but they had managed this business very clumsily in South Africa (in 1834) just where conciliation was most needed. And the thing had left a sore which festered for many a day.

On top of all this came the event destined, more than any other, to change the history of South Africa, an event pregnant with harm as well as with good, and which intensified the potentiality for evil of every dangerous element in the situation.

A child playing on a farm in the north of Cape Colony picked up a shining pebble. Soon another was found upon the banks of the Vaal River. Then a Hottentot woman sold an old charm which proved to be a 'brilliant' of eighty-three carats which was sold for £11,000. From that day the quiet, simple, homely life of South African village and farm had passed away. The diamond mines became the Mecca of the adventurous, disgruntled, penniless men of all the nations and the irresistible lure and the preoccupation of the Stock Exchanges of Europe and America.

A few months later,¹ in the uplands of the eastern Transvaal bordering on Portuguese territory some labourers working a quarry found a seam of gold. Then away westwards in the arid belt between the Vaal and the Limpopo (in the Transvaal also) another gold digging was found to yield a seemingly inexhaustible supply. Gold, of course, had been found before all over the earth's surface—and especially in its arid regions—from Alaska to Ballarat. It had been 'washed' in small quantities in South Africa as we have seen. But the peculiarity of

¹ The date of the modern discovery of the gold seams in South Africa is variously quoted as 1869 and 1871.

the discoveries now made was that here in the districts of Lydenburg and Witwaterstrand (where to-day the immense city of Johannesburg stands) the gold was found lying in ‘banket’ seams between the strata of rock. It was gold in fact that could be *quarried* as other minerals are quarried, whose output could be measured and regulated—the gold, in fact, of a stable commerce and not merely of the speculator.¹ What wonder, then, that all the world hastened to peg out its claim, that mighty cities grew like mushrooms on the Rand, that evil influences poured in like torrents, that bitterest labour questions arose, that financiers sought to league themselves with governments, that the cost of living and scales of wages soared to unprecedented heights. Truly those things which may be a blessing to the world are fraught also with direst dangers—just as the most effective medicines are also the most dangerous poisons.

VI

So the drama moved on in South Africa throughout last century: fierce torrential storms of the desert and the mountain, the brooding, ominous calm, the banking clouds and the blustering shower, the lightning and the thunder, the sunshine and the rain are all there in terms of the life of man. So that, looking back across the years, it seems almost

¹ Gold said to be worth seven hundred million pounds. *The Great Boer War*, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, p. 25.

as though men were the sport of circumstances, and not born to master them. Oh, the pity of it all that—as in the days of the peddling judges of Israel—there was no ‘open vision.’ Good men and brave and true on each side appear on every page of the story; men, too, of deep personal piety, and open-handed philanthropists. Van der Stels, Benjamin D’urbans, Bartle Freres, Pretoriuses, Cecil Rhodeses walked majestically across the stage and dreamed and talked of lofty things. But the demands of common life and the pursuit of gain seem to have held men’s thoughts in thrall, Briton and Boer alike, even as these things have absorbed us—with less excuse. Read the long story now just in its broad outlines—the tragedy of it all was that men seemed content to muddle through. It was enough to avoid immediate danger. Men sought safety and were content to temporize, rather than seek deliberately to pursue the ultimately righteous way. The glitter of gold and diamond blinded men’s eyes to other things of greater worth. Material things were so close and so insistent that God became only a background. Prospectors scrambled for the gold. Speculators quarrelled for the blue dust soil of the diamond beds. Swayed by their own enthusiasms and patriotisms men did not consider or respect the ideals of others. Dutchmen worked for a Boer Republic, Englishmen for a British Empire. A vision of the Kingdom of God, comprehending every idealism and every legitimate

human endeavour, ennobling not only individual life, but public and national affairs also, lifting them to the high plane where alone ultimate synthesis of all aspirations and solution of all problems can be found—this was South Africa's deepest need, as it is ours to-day.

Thus the situation drifted uneasily and inevitably on to two Boer Wars, of which immeasurably the more terrible was the tremendous grim collision of 1899, a war, fierce and hard and patient as the combatants—British and Boer. ‘We have beaten England before, but it is nothing to the licking we shall give her now,’ cried a leading Boer, and he spoke for the whole little Republic and the neighbouring Orange Free State. And these hard-bitten farmers of the veld, with their stern Cromwellian religion, their tireless ponies, their inconveniently modern rifles, and their amazing tactics, proved the most formidable antagonists that had ever defied the British lion.¹ Three long years it took to reach the end. It cost us twenty thousand lives and a hundred thousand stricken men before we had so shattered the Boer people that they could resist no longer.

There is a pathos and a dignity about the closing scenes of that great war—the mighty Kitchener in his saloon at Pretoria, just, unyielding, cold; a little party of the Boer leaders, straight from the

¹ Vide *The Great Boer War*, p. 2 *et seq.*, by Sir A. Conan Doyle.

field in their torn and war-worn fighting clothes ; ex-President Steyn fetched sick and ill from a bed in De la Rey's tent ; old Schalk Burger the autocrat, who in his day had defied Kruger and stood for Englishmen's rights, and had been dubbed a traitor for doing so, and who later had taught us one of our bitterest lessons at Spion Kop ; Christian de Wet, the lonely leader, king of all the arts of scouting, whose fox-like cunning had held up the British army for a year and more, and ' perplexed an Empire and puzzled a planet '—it took the Boers themselves three weeks to find him and to bring him to this Conference. Then there was Commandant De la Rey,¹ Lord Methuen's arch-antagonist from the early days when he opposed our famous General's army on the road to Kimberley up to the time when, a few days before the Conference, he had sent his convoy and protecting column flying at Tweebosch—a most unhappy British ' Battle of the Spurs ' ! And Louis Botha, farmer, lawyer, and founder of the Republic he had fought so hard to save, imperturbable, chivalrous, and level-headed, the victor of Colenso and a dozen other fights, the Boer Generalissimo for the last half of the war, who commanded without a map and never wrote despatches, and who proved himself the master spirit even among these fine natural warriors who led the separate commandos.

¹ There are admirable personal descriptions of these men in Harold Spender's fascinating biography of General Botha.

They were at last beaten men, though they could scarcely bring themselves to believe it. They had won—if ever men did—the right to their soldier dignity and pride. Half the Boer men—what was left of them—were prisoners of war.¹ Almost the whole Boer population, driven from their homes, were fugitives upon the Great Veld. The old Boer Government, President Kruger and his friends, had deserted them and were away on ‘leave’ in Europe. A second year with scarce any harvest had plunged most of the great territory in famine. Even the hardy ponies could exist no longer on the short, sun-baked, wiry veld grass. Louis Botha cannot be accused of exaggerating when he cried, ‘No other nation would have fought as our nation has done.’ The stubborn high spirit of De Wet spoke from the soul of his people in that hour of strain and agony. ‘Our graves?’ he cried. ‘But are we to dig the grave of our independence? If so, what difference is there between that and digging our own graves?’

They had come on behalf of the Boer people to hear the British terms, they said. And when they heard that the terms involved the surrender of their independence, they proudly said that while they had authority to make peace, they had no authority to sign away the independence of the Boer peoples—that could only be done by the people themselves. So it was arranged that the Conference stand pro-

¹ *Louis Botha*, by Harold Spender, p. 125.

rogued while the weary and broken leaders made their long rides across the veld to consult the men of the scattered commandos and the women of the hidden camps and refuges. They were to explain the hopeless situation and to conduct a referendum, asking two questions : (1) Were they willing to accept British rule ? (2) Whom would they appoint to be their delegates to a Conference to be held at Vereenigen to make the consequent arrangements and sign the terms on their behalf ?¹

And the answer of the Boer people to these questions was as strange, as perverse, and yet as true an expression of a nation's soul as can anywhere be found. By a big majority they voted against yielding their independence, and almost unanimously they elected and authorized delegates to the Conference which—as they well knew—could only have that issue ! And the Boer legal advisers cleared things up at the last moment by declaring that each delegate to the Conference, whatever his instructions, must act and vote according to his judgment at the time !

So in the great tent at Vereenigen, not without bitter protests, Botha and De la Rey and Burger bade the Boers think of their country and its future and face the remorseless facts. ‘This is a war of faith, I have nothing to do with facts,’ De Wet interrupted. ‘The only concern I have with facts is when I have to clear them out of my way.’ Some

¹ May 15, 1902. There were to be sixty Boer delegates, thirty from the Transvaal and thirty from the Orange Free State.

of the older men fell back pathetically upon the Old Testament religion which once had steeled them for the fight. ‘Have you got no faith in God?’ one cried. And another answered mournfully, ‘We asked for God’s answer to our prayer. He has answered us. His hand is stretched out against us.’

A young man arose with a faith which served him in defeat as well as it had nerved him in the fighting. ‘*Perhaps it is God’s will,*’ he cried, ‘*to lead our nation through defeat, through abasement, yea, through the long valley of the shadow of death to the glory of a nobler future, to the light of a brighter day.*’

So the vote was taken, and delegates were authorized by fifty-four votes of the sixty to sign the peace terms which took from the Boer Republics their independence. That evening, May 31st, 1902, Lord Kitchener and Lord Milner met the Boer delegates, and the Treaty of Vereenigen, written in English and in Dutch, was signed. It took from ‘the Republic of South Africa’ (*i.e.* the old ‘Transvaal’) and the Orange Free State their independence, but it gave the Boer peoples at once equal rights with all other white men, and promised them an equitable share in government, it guaranteed them the preservation (in schools, courts, etc.) of the Dutch language, and it made them a generous grant¹ towards repatriating their people and reinstating their farms.

¹ £3,000,000, a generous gift in the circumstances but, as was proved, pitifully inadequate to meet the needs.

Lord Kitchener rose and held out his hand to Louis Botha. ‘We are good friends now,’ he said. That was an honest handshake and one that made much history. These men—and the governments they represented—stood by that pact through much that was hard and difficult yet. A new mutual respect had been born between Boer and Briton, and a new spirit of confidence and trust had dawned. ‘In all the long paradoxical history of South African strife, there is nothing more wonderful,’ writes Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, ‘than the way in which these two sturdy and unemotional races clasped hands the instant that the fight was done. . . . A few weeks seemed to do more to lessen racial bitterness than some of us had hoped for in as many years.’¹

VII

The story is magnificent in itself. And the great souls on both sides, who then turned away from the bitternesses of the past, resolved only to work for a new and better and larger future were, in fact, laying foundations sounder than they realized, upon which a few short years built edifices more magnificent than they dreamed of.

In less than four years the Peace of Vereenigen was crowned by one of the most daringly generous actions in Great Britain’s history, the granting, unsolicited and uncomelled, of complete and

¹ *The Great Boer War*, p. 741.

responsible self-government to both the Transvaal and the Orange Colony.¹ Three short years later and another dream came true—a generation sooner than the boldest had dreamed of—when the South Africa Act of 1909 united the four principal colonies, and the ‘Union of South Africa’ took her proud place within the Empire as a self-governing Dominion.

Then in 1914 came the supreme test of all this building. It was a severe ordeal when the mortar was hardly dry. The Great War in Europe gave opportunity to all the sinister disruptive forces that were left, it awakened old ambitions and opened old sores. But trusted men were at the helm, Louis Botha and Jan Christian Smuts among them, both signatories at Vereenigen and the latter the true prophet of his people whose words we quoted.² The hour was too strong for poor sore old De Wet and some of the other ‘Bitter-enders,’ and they made trouble—especially when it was found that the British War Cabinet called upon the South African Government not merely to stand firm but to take steps to capture and dismantle the German wireless stations and to invade German West Africa, and to do it in the name not of the Union of South

¹ The first act of Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman’s Government in January 1906. It took effect in the Transvaal election in February 1907, which established Louis Botha as the first Prime Minister.

² Page 142.

Africa but of Great Britain and the Allies.¹ ‘To my mind,’ said General Botha, ‘there could be only one reply.’ Before ever the war was half won in Europe the German flag had been swept from South Africa, and the soldiers of the Union were fighting with those of all the British Commonwealth at Delville Wood and Heudicourt in the Battle of the Somme. ‘It was done,’ said General Smuts, ‘because the Boer War of 1899–1902 was supplemented, was complemented, or compensated by one of the wisest political settlements ever made.’²

VIII

On 15th May 1917 one of the very few war-banquets was given in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords. It was in honour of General Smuts who, having brilliantly accomplished his task in South Africa, had come to help the Imperial Cabinet through the darkest and hardest days of the war in Europe. The chairman was Field-Marshal Viscount French who, in proposing the health of the guest of the evening, said :

‘I am yet glad of the opportunity in order to recall a period of time sixteen years ago, a time to

¹ ‘You will however realize that any territory now occupied must be at the disposal of the Imperial Government for purposes of an ultimate settlement at the end of the war.’ So ran the telegram from the British Cabinet to General Botha.

² *War-time Speeches*, by Lieut.-General the Right Hon. J. C. Smuts, p. 5.

which the General himself has more than once eloquently referred since he has been in this country, when I had the honour (and I feel it to have been a great honour) of opposing him in the field.

‘With consummate bravery and ability he commanded the Boer forces in Cape Colony throughout the last year of the South African War.

‘I say, without hesitation, that day after day, week after week, month after month, our distinguished guest, with every disadvantage in the way of numbers, arms, transport, equipment, and supply, eluded all my attempts to bring him to decisive action, and impressed me far more than any opponent I have ever met with his power as a great commander and leader of men. The British Army has, as I hope and believe, fairly earned a reputation for conducting war with that generous chivalry which can alone justify it in the eyes of civilization, and I rejoice to look back into the past, and to realize how our enemy of that time, commanded by such men as Botha and Smuts, continually vied with us in the constant maintenance of those finer sentiments which brave enemies should ever cultivate.’

And later General Smuts added a dramatic touch to an occasion already romantic and wonderful enough :

‘Your words to-night and the great compliment you have paid me by presiding at this gathering

recall to my mind many an incident of the stirring times to which you have referred, when we were opposing commanders in the last year of the Boer War.

‘On one occasion, I remember, I was surrounded in a very nasty block of mountains by Lord French. I was face to face practically with disaster. Nothing was left me but the most diligent scouting to find a way out. I did some of the scouting myself, with a small party. I ventured into a place which looked promising, and which bore the appropriate name of “Murderer’s Gap.” I am sorry to say I was the only man who came out alive from that gap. In an account which I saw subsequently of this incident I saw the remark made that “one Boer escaped, but he probably had so many bullets in him that he would be no further danger.”

‘Well, Lord French, I have survived to be your guest this evening. I was in a very tight corner there. I did get out, and two days afterwards I did break through—blessed word in these times. At night I came out of those mountains to the railway. It was a very dark night, and my small force was just on the point of crossing the railway when we heard that a train was coming. I allowed the train to pass, and we stood alongside and looked on. You can imagine what my feelings were when I heard some time afterwards that the only freight on that train was Lord French, who was moving from one part of his front to the other to find out

how I had broken through. If I had not missed that chance Lord French would have been on that occasion my guest. No doubt a very welcome, though a somewhat embarrassing guest! Now to-night I am his guest, I hope not embarrassing, though very much embarrassed.

'Those were very difficult and strenuous days—days in which one learnt many valuable lessons, good for all one's life. One of the lessons I learned was that, under the stress of great difficulties such as we were then passing through, the only things which survived were the simple human feelings, feelings of loyalty to your fellows and feelings of comradeship and patriotism which carried you through danger and privation. We soldiers know the extreme value of these simple feelings.'¹

And if we would know of what faith, of what spirit such things come, we may read it best perhaps—and in terms which state it as a challenge to us all in these difficult days—in the words which General Smuts, the prophet of Vereenigen, wrote when, as a representative of the British Commonwealth, he signed the great Peace Treaty at Versailles.

'The promise of the new life, the victory of the great human ideals, for which the peoples have shed their blood and their treasure without stint, the fulfilment of their aspirations towards a new international order, and a fairer, better world, are not written in this Treaty,

¹ *Ibid.* p. 26.

and will not be written in treaties. "Not in this Mountain, nor in Jerusalem, but in spirit and in truth," as the Great Master said, must the foundations of the new order be laid. A new heart must be given, not only to our enemies but also to us; a contrite spirit for the woes which have overwhelmed the world; a spirit of pity, mercy, and forgiveness for the sins and wrongs which we have suffered. A new spirit of generosity and humanity, born in the hearts of the peoples in this great hour of common suffering and sorrow, can alone heal the wounds which have been inflicted on the body of Christendom.

"And this new spirit among the peoples will be the solvent for the problems which the statesmen have found too hard at the Conference. . . .

"The real peace of the peoples ought to follow, complete, and amend the peace of the statesmen. In this Treaty, however, two achievements of far-reaching importance for the world are definitely recorded. The one is the destruction of Prussian militarism; the other is the institution of the League of Nations. I am confident that the League of Nations will yet prove the path of escape for Europe out of the ruin brought about by this war.

"But the League is yet only a form. It still requires the quickening life which can only come from the active interest and vitalizing contact of the peoples themselves. The new creative spirit, which is once more moving among the peoples in their anguish, must fill the institution with life, and with inspiration for the pacific

ideals born of this war, and so convert it into a real instrument of progress. In that way the abolition of militarism, in this Treaty unfortunately confined to the enemy, may soon come as a blessing and relief to the Allied peoples as well.

'And the enemy peoples should at the earliest possible date join the League, and in collaboration with the Allied peoples learn to practise the great lesson of this war, that not in separate ambitions or in selfish domination, but in common service for the great human causes, lies the true path of national progress. This joint collaboration is especially necessary to-day for the reconstruction of a ruined and broken world. . . .

'A supreme necessity is laid on all to grapple with this situation. And in the joint work of beneficence the old feuds will tend to be forgotten, the roots of reconciliation among the peoples will begin to grow again, and ultimately flow into active, fruitful, lasting peace.

'To the peoples of the United States and the British Empire, who have been exceptionally blessed with the good things of life, I would make a special appeal. Let them exert themselves to the utmost in this great work of saving the wreckage of life and industry on the Continent of Europe. They have a great mission, and in fulfilling it they will be as much blessed as blessing. . . .

'Our Allied peoples must remember that God gave them overwhelming victory, victory far beyond their

greatest dreams, not for small selfish ends, not for financial or economic advantages, but for the attainment of the great human ideals for which our heroes gave their lives, and which are the real victors in this war of ideals.'¹

¹ *The Times*, June 30, 1919.

CHAPTER VI

THE LEGACY OF THE GREAT WAR

Bring me my bow of burning gold !
Bring me my arrows of desire !
Bring me my spear : O clouds, unfold !
Bring me my chariot of fire !

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

WILLIAM BLAKE

The civility of no race can be perfect whilst another race is degraded. It is a doctrine alike of the newest and oldest philosophy, that man is one and that you cannot injure any member without a sympathetic injury to all the members. America is not civil while Africa is barbarous.

EMERSON

Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it ; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it.

ST PAUL

I

ON Sunday, June 28th 1914, a revolver shot rang out in the streets of Serajevo, capital city of Bosnia. It was fired by a Serbian fellow of no ability or consequence, the tool of a camarilla. It mortally wounded the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria and his consort.

The sharp ping of that bullet expressed the long-nursed antagonism of two great and ancient races, Teuton and Slav. The pistol spat forth the venomous spite and bitterness of a generation of neighbours who had lived in hatred and suspicion all their days and, for as long as memory, had fought and intrigued against one another without scruple or restraint.

But the spark of that shot ran down all the electric cables of the world till it detonated mines that lay—undreamt of—beneath the life of civilization. If Serbia was to be punished, then Russia would stand up for its ‘little brother.’ And Germany ‘could’ not stay by while Russia mobilized behind the Carpathians; Germany would support Austria, however quick-tempered and unreasonable. France, as she listened nervously, could hear across her frontier the tramp of mustering armies, the rattle of muskets in drill, the rumble of guns moving by night. She, too, prepared for war.

Then there was England—the island home—

This precious stone set in a silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands.

But the ‘moat’ might become a highway now for a German fleet to the coast of Brittany and to the French colonies! And meanwhile Germany, to get France at a disadvantage, had invaded Belgium. That decided the matter. The British fleet, already mobilized at Portland after its manœuvres, swept up the Channel and through the Straits to take up its Scottish stations—sentinel of the North Sea. It took just thirty-eight days¹ for the mines of Europe to detonate in an explosion which from the first involved seventy million homes in Europe. And it took less than that number of hours for the reverberation to arouse the clansmen of

¹ The following were the dates of the principal incidents in the cataclysm :

June 28th Assassination of the Archduke.

July 23rd Austria’s ‘ultimatum’ to Serbia.

July 24th German Government supports Austria’s ‘ultimatum.’

Russian Government takes sides with Serbia.

July 26th Austrian mobilization.

July 28th Austria declares war on Serbia.

July 31st General Russian mobilization ordered.

Aug. 1st Germany and France mobilize.

Aug. 2nd German army enters Luxemburg.

Aug. 4th Germany announces her determination to invade Belgium, thereby challenging England to protect her.

Vide *Why We are at War*. By Members of the Oxford Faculty of Modern History. (Clarendon Press, 1914.)

the Punjab, the coolies of Singapore, the great self-governing Dominions of the British Commonwealth, the tiny island coaling stations of the Pacific Ocean, the negroes of French Senegal and the peoples of Madagascar : until within a week—on one side or the other—the recruits of half the world were ‘forming fours’ and learning awkwardly to ‘shoulder arms.’

Nor is that half the story : but this is no place to tell it all—how Italy found herself drawn in, how Turkey grasped at a phantom opportunity, how the Balkans blazed up, how Japan made her decisive choice, how Portugal threw in her lot with her old allies, how China, perplexed and sore, was caught up as into an irresistible vortex, how the great United States could remain no longer a neutral spectator and even the smaller States of South America—Guatemala, Nicaragua, and Panama—as well as Peru and Uruguay, Bolivia and Brazil were sucked into the maelstrom.

The issues raised by that pistol shot in Serajevo were fought out in Flanders and in France, along that swaying thousand miles of frontier where Central and Eastern Europe meet, in Gallipoli and Salonica, in Palestine and Mesopotamia, in Tientsin and South Africa, and across the Pacific Ocean on the coasts of the Falklands. If you would draw a ring around the Great War and the combatants, you must encircle the world.

II

There is no parallel to this at all in history. And the chief cause at least is clear. The century which had so intensified patriotism and had so organized nationality had yielded other factors also startlingly new and overwhelmingly potent, pregnant with happiness or ruin for the nations. Steam had been harnessed, electricity had been disciplined, Macadam and Telford had made roads. Three-quarters of a million miles of railway had been laid. Steamships carrying fifty million tons were plying the seas¹—and even passing through the continents by great ship canals. The amazing motor industry had come into its own. Telegraph cables girdled the world. Telephones linked up the business men's desks in every country. The cinema showed the same vivid story in Mesopotamia and Massachusetts, in Nanking and Nairobi, in Smyrna and Southampton. Myriads of daily papers told identical news each morning in Boston and Bombay, in Odessa and New Orleans, in Melbourne and Madrid.

The world had become one whispering gallery where what happened in Constantinople was heard in Los Angeles, and what was said in Paris was ticked upon the club 'tapes' in Peking. It had become one market till the fluctuations of prices in Chicago were reflected in Calcutta and a rise of

¹ Vide *Unifying the World*, by G. N. Clarke. Swarthmore Press. A most suggestive little book.

wages in Shanghai was felt in Shoreditch. And in the shrinking of all distance and the cutting out of delay, much more than common markets had been established. The world had come to share, not in a mystical or imaginary sense merely, but in a very practical, real, and concrete way a common life. Mankind had become actually and sensitively *one*.

It was as though the world's machinery—driven by new and mighty engines of patriotism working tremendous driving-wheels of nationality—had been brought so close that its giant cogs, which adjusted to international co-operation might afford the greatest power-plant ever conceived for the benefit of all the nations, threatened to grind civilization, and human life itself, to powder.

Let us look hard and straight at these two great factors in the world's life as they had come to birth, and had developed in a single century—the new consciousness of nationality and the inevitably close interlacing of the lives and interests of nations. In doing so we shall review the salient facts to which our previous chapters have called attention.

(1) As the nineteenth century opened the New Nation across the sea was just coming to consciousness. In Europe the Revolution and Napoleon between them, obliterating old landmarks, paved the way for a new order and aroused the first passionate

national loyalties on the continent of Europe. France became ‘*La Belle France*’ as that spirit took possession of her, and Spain, weak and wounded as she was, became unconquerable. Prussia, shorn and dismembered, began to draw to herself the sentiment of German peoples. Napoleon’s Duchy of Warsaw became the nursery of a Polish nation. The dreams of the exiles—from Italy and Germany, Poland and Hungary, the Netherlands and Switzerland—of whom Mazzini was incomparably the greatest, began to come true. The pulse of modern Greece began to beat. Serbia, Rumania, Bulgaria became self-conscious nations. The tremendous calculating ambition of Bismarck organized and engineered modern Germany and produced inevitably the reaction of Slavism in Bohemia and Croatia and even in vast incoherent Russia. Only beneath the deadening hand of Turkish rule was there no sign of the new patriotism: but it was working underground as the terrible Balkan Wars of the last period of the century proved.

And if in the non-European nations the spirit of nationality came later, it poured in the faster, even as the dammed waters of a mighty river breaking their prison at last pour forth in irresistible flood. It seethed and frothed at times into an ugly and ominous racialism. It set Japan ignobly contending with China for the domination of Korea.¹ It stirred in China the immense movement towards

¹ 1894.

unified representative government. It gave to the life of the three hundred millions of India the greatest stimulus it ever had. It started the cry of 'Asia for the Asiatics.' It roused Persia to a feverish waking. It is crudely (and perhaps terribly) expressed in the Pan-Turanian policy of the Turk and in the dreams of the Pan-Arabs. And it utters its ultimate challenge in the Pan-African movement which proposes to unite and to organize the negro race wherever its members are found.¹

If it be objected that this is a disturbing and disagreeable account of things, it can only be pointed out that it is a true, if meagre, account of the most notable movements in human life, which were the background of the Great War and which form the context—as every daily newspaper testifies—in which we have to play our part in these post-war days of reconstruction. Moreover, if anyone doubts whether these immature ambitions are serious, he may consult the literature of the various movements, or he may waylay representatives of them any day in the Strand or Oxford Street or Piccadilly Circus. The consciousness of nationality and the aspirations of nations—from Ireland to Korea—to be themselves and to express themselves and to work out their individual national destiny, is the dominant factor in the life of our generation.

(2) And it is for such a world that distances have

¹ See Basil Mathews' fascinating Prologue to *The Whirlpool of the Races*. (London Missionary Society.)

suddenly¹ shrunk and delays have been cut out, in which the literate people of all nations are the audience (within an hour or two) of any man's speech—if it be worth the hearing. No wonder 'Labour' enthusiasts are seeking an understanding and a single policy (cutting right through national distinctions) for all the factory-workers of the world. Already the tentacles of every big business reach into the heart of every continent and touch the markets and the wage scales of men of every colour. Mr Graham Wallas has pictured the situation vividly enough—'the English factory girl who is urged to join her Union, the tired old Scotch gatekeeper with a few pounds to invest, the Galician peasant when the emigration agent calls, the artisan in a French provincial town whose industry is threatened by a new invention, all know that unless

¹ How suddenly may be realized by reflecting, for instance, that when in 1834 Sir Robert Peel was summoned from Italy to England upon urgent affairs of State it took him as long to make the journey as it would have taken Julius Cæsar. To-day the journey can be done in thirty-six hours. Or again, in 1874, Jules Verne's boldest prophetic story was of a hero who raced round the world in eighty days. In 1919 Englishmen crossed the Atlantic in sixteen hours.

But one of the most startling and significant events of modern times was the arrival of an Italian airman and his mechanic in Shanghai en route from Rome to Tokyo. Lieut. Ferrarin had spent sixty hours of flying time on the way. His journey is the prophecy of a relay air service travelling from Europe to China in about three days. Curiously enough it was another Venetian, Marco Polo, who was the first European to visit China on foot in the year 1275. Vide *The Church Missionary Review*, September 1920.

they find their way successfully among world-wide facts . . . they will be crushed.'¹

Such then is the stage, and such the other players, in the great drama in which the British commonwealth of nations is called to play her all-important part to-day. And indeed the Commonwealth is a microcosm of the larger problem and points to the principles of its solution. Was there ever anything so delicate and fragile and yet so strong as the loyalty of purpose and mutual confidence that link our islands with the great independent Dominions who choose to depend—Canada, itself the product of one of the greatest patriotisms that ever made a nation, Australia and New Zealand most self-reliant, competent and unrestrained of peoples, South Africa with her polyglot and polychrome population? Was there ever a responsibility so great as that which binds our life into a common destiny with India and its wealth of eastern thought and learning, with Egypt and its age-long history, and with great tracts of Africa and its mysterious uncharted future, and now with 'Mespot' and its fields of oil and highways to the heart of Asia? Or, again, was there ever such a thing to dream on, to build upon, to use and act upon, for working out solutions of the world's hardest problems, as the cousinship of the Anglo-

¹ Quoted by G. N. Clarke in *Unifying the World*, p. 34. See also a striking pamphlet by Basil Mathews, *World-labour and our Supplies*. (Church Missionary Society. Out of print.)

Saxon race, if the two great nations join hands across the ocean, not in ceremonial friendship merely but in practical faith and enterprise for the blessing of all mankind ?

III

‘ We were in an attack. I do not think there were more than seventy yards, certainly not a hundred yards, between the German barrage and our own. We advanced between that double curtain of fire, and it looked as if, at any moment, the little part in which one was might be crushed out of existence. As so often happened on these occasions some elementary thoughts occurred to my mind and I turned round to an officer near me and said : “ What do you think of this whole business ? ” His reply was : “ What inconceivable folly.” That was always in our mind. What was always impressed on our minds and always present to our minds was the madness of war. Whatever may have been in the minds of people sitting at home, we, who were right in the thick of the fight, felt no anger in our hearts. We might have simulated anger, but we felt no real anger in our hearts against the Huns. On a very similar occasion I heard one soldier, at a very critical time, say, “ Thank goodness this is the last war.” I said, “ Why the last war ? ” And his reply was, “ If it is not, then the world is bankrupt in statesmanship.” I am sure that nineteen soldiers out of every twenty felt that.

‘So long as the war was on and until the job was completely finished and the mess cleared up, we were all prepared to go on with it ; but we knew, or we believed, that the havoc was so colossal, the misery so tremendous, that when the world came to its senses again something would be devised, some machinery would be devised, some league of nations would be established to bring the nations together, and we felt that it would have firmly behind it the young men who had seen war, and knew what it meant.’¹

Those words do not sound like part of a speech in the House of Commons—which they were. They more resemble those myriad pencilled notes, written to mother or wife or closest friend, from the firing-step of a front-line trench or by the light of a guttering candle in a gun pit at night. Men do not often speak so elementally from their hearts in ‘the House.’ The words may stand for the ever recurring thoughts that came to strong and simple men ‘up the line.’ Every officer has censored such letters a thousand times, and most of us wrote them when we were true to ourselves.

Then lift the flag of the Last Crusade,
And fill the ranks of the Last Brigade,
March on to the fields where the world’s
re-made
And the ancient dreams come true.²

¹ Quoted in *The Round Table*, September 1920.

² Lieut. Tom Kettle, M.P., Dublin Fusiliers, killed in action near Guillemont, September 1916.

There was a strange familiarity and a wonderful reticence about the Messes behind the line. We never *said* the deepest things that were in our minds, we talked all around them. But the thoughts passed even behind the words with which we deliberately tried to cloak them. We never talked of death, much less of heaven. Our friends 'went west'—that was the nearest we got (and a fine phrase too), and we immediately changed the subject and discussed the vagaries of the new corporal, the bad temper of the sergeant-major or Bairnsfather's latest cartoons.

We saw not clearly nor understood,
But, yielding ourselves to the master-hand,
Each in his part as best he could,
We played it through as the author
planned.¹

But there were nights before the planned attacks or more difficult occasions, when all possible arrangements had been made for the entertainment of an expected German raiding-party, when personal prospects were hardly rosy, and conversation became entirely impersonal and remote. Then coldly and in a detached way we would talk of how *they* (it was always they) would carry on when the war was done. We assumed a new and better world, and we discussed its features, we took its impulses and causes for granted—once the war was done. The

¹ Alan Seeger, the Rupert Brooke of American soldiery, who enlisted in the Foreign Legion of France in 1914 and died of wounds received in the assault on Belloy-en-Santerre, July 4, 1916.

brotherhood of the trenches—and the *esprit de corps* of the V.A.D. in which our sisters were serving—would, of course, be carried over into the new day. That spirit would embrace and solve every problem large and small. It would, of course, inspire the settlement and the terms of peace. It would show consideration to small nations even as in war Belgium and Serbia had been the pets of the Powers. If we could not love all the world we could at least tolerate other nations with as good humour as a platoon showed towards its bore. People—statesmen included—would play the game. ‘Give and take’ would be the rule, and ‘pass along the wounded.’ And, above all, what a good time the children would have in the new world. They would hear tales of us, of course, and be told how ‘bravely’ we died for our country, and they would be stirred to noble living. . . . So we dreamed and so, too, we often talked. You will find it all in every soldier’s letters and in every plain true book about the war. There were things there which these words hint at for which in a very true sense the flower of England’s manhood willingly and even gaily died. And the word on their lips as they fell was always ‘*Carry on.*’

Hark the roar grows . . . the thunders
reawaken—

We ask one thing, Lord, only one thing now:
Hearts high as theirs, who went to death
unshaken,
Courage like theirs to make and keep their
vow.

Then to our children there shall be no
handing
Of fates so vain — of passions so
abhor'd . . .
But Peace . . . the Peace which passeth
understanding
Not in our time . . . but in their time,
O Lord.¹

Thus it was that when at last the end came to the long-drawn agony—which had cost ten million lives and whose issue again and again had seemed to hang in the balance—in a victory more complete than any Ally had dared to hope for, that which had been the burthen of the soldier and of the common people became the *flair* of the statesman. '*A covenant of a League of Nations to be accepted by all*'—that was emblazoned as the first of the conditions of the Armistice and the first promised article of the Peace Treaty.

We need not follow the details of those eight months of Paris Conference nor of all that has happened, and failed to happen, since. It is the tragedy of history. Nor need we fix our eyes upon Paris, and lay the blame of failure there. The futility of the statesmen reflected only too truly the palsied apathy and the confusion of the common will of the peoples whom they represented. A skeleton—and one seriously deficient of many principal bones—of the ideal of an effective associa-

¹ Lieut. Robert Vernède, of the Rifle Brigade, who was killed in action at Havrincourt Wood on Easter Monday, 1917.

tion of the nations for their common welfare, is all that has yet been achieved. Such co-operation remains 'an aim to be worked for, not an instrument already in our hands.'¹ It is not an irrelevant or altogether unfair criticism of the faith of the British people in the great ideal to point out, that two years after the (nominal) close of 'the War to end war' our national Budget for 1920–21 provides for a contribution of £50,000 to the League of Nations and an expenditure of £234,000,000 upon armaments.

And is this all that was to be ?
 Where is the gloriously decisive change,
 Metamorphosis the immeasurable
 Of human clay to divine gold, we looked
 Should, in some poor sort, justify its price ?²

The old words come back with a new hope even in their condemnation, 'Thou shalt not build an house for my name, because thou hast been a man of war and hast shed blood. . . . Solomon *thy son he shall build my house and my courts.*'

IV

David and his peers—the fighting men of 1914–18—are fast passing into the yesterday of 'old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago.' The stage is rapidly being set for the new generation.

¹ Lord Eustace Percy, *The Responsibilities of the League*, p. 17 *et passim*.

² Robert Browning.

For still beyond the city gate,
The fallow fields eternal wait
For *you* to drive *your* furrow straight.¹

What, then, are they now to do about it? It would be wholly alien to the character and purpose of this book to answer. Rather is it written to beg them to ask the question of themselves. But they will not perhaps take it amiss if, in conclusion, a few thoughts are thrown out which will raise issues somewhat definitely and perhaps will suggest directions along which solutions may be found.

(1) First, then, let us take off the blinkers. Let us try to understand the realities of the situation. Let us get out of moods and into clear thinking. For instance, let us face the fact of the common life which all the nations share to-day, the stage in human development from which retreat is now impossible. Let us consider the internationalism thus already set up—whether we like it or not. ‘The commodities of the world are more truly international than are the minds of men. Our clothing, our food and our houses, our railways and our telephones are all international, because the material for making them is contributed by men speaking many different languages and living under many different forms of government: and

¹ *The God who Waits*, by Sergeant Leslie Coulson, Royal Fusiliers, who served in Egypt, Gallipoli, and France, and was killed in action leading a charge on Oct. 7, 1916. See that excellent collection of war poetry, *The Muse in Arms*, edited by E. B. Osborn, published by John Murray. Italics are mine.—T. L.

the internationalism of modern life is not merely material, for the structure of our telephones and even the cut of our clothes is partly due to ideas which have come to us from abroad. . . . The average man no more thinks of the source of his coffee or his medicine or his shirt than he thinks of his digestion—till it goes wrong. When the oranges and the coffee cease to come, or when fares on the railways go up because boiler-tubes no longer are produced abroad, then the average man shows an interest in international affairs ! But the character of his interest is like that of his interest in indigestion. He feels aggrieved.¹

If we keep the blinkers off and try also to think straight, it will surely be apparent that something large enough, radical enough, generous enough to be effective must be done if the whole fabric (and the whole ideal) of civilization is to be saved from another war whose terrors and destructiveness would be beyond imagining.

And we must see far as well as clearly. The problems of Asia have become as relevant to us in London as the problems of Europe. And in this close-knit common life of all the nations, a famine in China, an epidemic in Johannesburg, a wave of recklessness in Tokyo, a street riot in Amritsar may be charged with elements of world-wide destruction —unless there be some method of co-operation to

¹ *Vide* the first chapter of *International Politics*, by C. Delisle Burns.

deal with them, some recognized 'appeal' to the conscience of mankind.

The case cannot be more strongly stated than Lord Robert Cecil has stated it :

*'If we do not establish the League of Nations . . . if we do not see that it is a reality, that it is not only a diplomatic device, but the essential thing in all international relations : if we do not force our governments, if they are reluctant, to make this thing a great engine of applied Christianity, which it ought to be, in the course of a few years, depend upon it, we shall have missed the greatest opportunity that has ever been offered to a generation of men.'*¹

(2) Somehow we have got to learn—and perhaps it is the ultimate lesson—the futility of hate and the omnipotence of love. Thomas Carlyle said something to this effect—that no squaw in an Indian wigwam on the distant plains could lose her temper but the tone of the world's life was lowered thereby. 'Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness'—none of the four of them ever achieved any good in the world whatever, and they travel by wireless from soul to soul, poisoning as they go—and as they return. Let us be clear about it : we cannot nurse thoughts of hatred against our late enemies without producing a reaction of hate, and with hatred go suspicion and bitterness and that tendency to construe every word and action

¹ Quoted from *Evangelical Christendom*, July–August 1920.

wrong which destroys all hope of understanding and of impartial judgment.

Revenge and Wrong bring forth their kind
The foul cubs like their parents are ;
Their den is in the guilty mind,
And conscience feeds them with despair.¹

There was an English nurse in Belgium during the war. Engulfed by the invasion, she found herself behind the German lines in Brussels. There by her actions she challenged dangers as great as in any front-line trench, and far more coldly terrifying. For while she tenderly nursed the German wounded, she succoured refugee soldiers, her own countrymen. She was caught, tried, and sentenced to the death of a common spy. Nothing was done to ease her case.

In the cold grey of a November morning the chaplain came into her cell to prepare her for the ordeal outside—with the firing squad. Edith Cavell there alone, the sport of all the spite and of the organized brutality of men, said :

'Standing as I do in view of God and of eternity, I realize that patriotism is not enough : there must be no bitterness, no hatred in my heart, towards anyone.'

If Christendom heeded those simple words, half the problems of the world's agony and anarchy to-day would be solved.

And together with hatred and bitterness let us banish that most bestial old delusion that it is the

¹ Shelley's *Hellas*.

prerogative of man to punish—to ‘make the punishment fit the crime’—merely for the sake of punishing. Society and nations must be protected, of course, and intending criminals deterred by fear—in the last resort. Reparations must be made where injuries have been done: that is part of any scheme of fairness. But that torture (in whatever form) is to be applied to a degree computed to correspond with the degree of guilt, and the idea that such imposed suffering will, of itself, produce repentance proportionate to its degree—that surely is the very negation of all that Christian men believe about the character of God, about the order of this universe and about the psychology of human nature. Yet there seems to be great need that we should remind ourselves of this in these days when it is a prerequisite of all constructive work that we seek to ‘heal the wounds of war.’

A British artist and another were sketching by permission behind the lines in France just after the Armistice. They came to a camp of German prisoners which was commanded by a group of English officers, who having performed exceptionally brilliant service and been several times wounded had been assigned to this work.

The artists were as much impressed by the *bonhomie* and good spirits of the whole camp as by its efficiency and discipline. One morning they found the mess in a state of uproar and the C.O. in a furious temper. ‘Gad, if that confounded

blighter hasn't gone and shown his rotten picture, of a beastly British gun on the Rhine, to my Boches !'

It is worth while to ask ourselves whether, in the end of the day, such a gentle sensitiveness to the feelings of others is not the only ultimate appeal to the best in them—and therefore that most likely to lead to true repentance and amendment. It remains true, in every relationship of life, that what men sow they also reap: to sow hatred is to reap the dragon's teeth, to sow love is—in the end—to reap love's reward.

(3) '*We must extend to all the races of the world the Christian principles upon which British liberty and justice rest. The League of Nations can never absolve us from the mission that is laid upon us as members of the British Empire, to use for the betterment of mankind the unequalled opportunities that God has given us. . . . We need the closest co-operation of all our Churches. All Christian preachers must explain the real nature of the existing world troubles, point out the remedies and exhort us all in our endeavours to solve the problems before us. . . . There must be that idealism which the Church alone can give.*'

The speaker is Earl Haig, Field-Marshal, and he is addressing, not a gathering of ministers, but the learned University of St Andrews.¹

¹ *The Rectorial Address of Earl Haig to the University of St Andrews.* Published by W. Henderson, St Andrews University Press, N.B. Price 1s. 2d., post free.

'If we rely on the provisions of the Covenant to preserve peace, we shall be living in a fool's paradise. In the application of the principles of Christianity to international relations lies the only solution of the problem. It is not the Covenant of the League of Nations which can save humanity and civilization but the spirit which underlies the Covenant.'

The speaker is Lord Robert Cecil,¹ one of the foremost representatives of the British Empire in the counsels of the League of Nations.

There are no two Englishmen who have more right to speak with authority upon this subject than these two—soldier and statesman.

Now if the words of such men have any meaning at all, they summon us to be done with despair of human life, and to take up a positive, hopeful, and triumphant attitude towards even its most entangled and difficult problems. And the ground of their confidence is not that they believe in the Anglo-Saxon or any other race, in the British or any other Navy, nor even in this or any other League of Nations ; but that they believe in GOD.

But who is the God in whom they believe ? For that makes all the difference. Job believed in God ; but for him God was afar off, inscrutable. The Jews believed in God, but for most of them He was a tribal patron. To the pagan, God is a spirit to be feared and propitiated, not trusted and loved. Confucianism and Hinduism impersonalize

¹ Vide *Outward Bound*, October 1920, pp. 85-88

Him, conceiving Him as cold and heartless Law, or diffusing Him, in pantheistic conception, till He is lost in His own creation. The creed of Islam, at once so stern and so facile, summons its followers to obedience to a God whose rule is arbitrary, who cannot be predicated as either just or loving, and to a submission whose watchword is Kismet—‘ whether it is good or whether bad, it is the will of Allah.’

But the faith to which soldier and statesman summon us is to find expression in the ‘application of Christian principles’ to the affairs of nations.¹ That defines and explains the God in whom they bid us trust, whom they see to be the only true foundation for any new order of international life. For the God whom Christ revealed is neither inscrutable nor partial, neither impersonal nor arbitrary, but One whom men may know and trust and love, the Author of all goodness and truth. But more

¹ It is worth while perhaps to set beside this appeal of our soldier and statesman the views of another great national leader with a very different background and experience. The Hon. C. T. Wong, the delegate of China to the Paris Conference 1918–19, said :

‘ True liberty does not come from mere political upheavals—true liberty comes only when man is freed from his sins. It only comes when he has established a true relationship between himself and God, and himself and other men. Without that he will not be free. One of the best means—indeed *the* best—of bringing freedom to the world is to carry Christianity to all peoples. In Christianity we find the very germs of democracy. We find service and brotherhood and helpfulness. In service and in love of one another we find the source of freedom and of real democracy. I always maintain in my political work that to have progress we must bring the Gospel to all people.’ (*The Chronicle* of the London Missionary Society, July 1919.)

than this, He is near our life and has identified Himself with our best aspirations. His purposes of good are not for angel hosts in another world, but for common men here and now. Untiringly He is seeking to deliver us from all that maims and debases us, as well as from the sin that besets us. He is our brother beside us in the fight, sharing its knocks and wounds, suffering its cruellest blows and unkindest betrayals, dying in the struggle and yet unconquerable even in the grave. That is what God is like—according to the Christian Gospel. He is like Jesus. We have seen ‘the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.’

But the incarnation of our Lord was more even than this. Jesus not only was the likeness of God’s character but He revealed God’s ways towards man. St John boldly says that Christ made the world and everything to do with it: that, in fact, *the world is Christ’s world*—that this is a universe and not a multiverse; that it has a moral, as well as a physical order or constitution and that Jesus is the secret of it. It is made His way and He has it in hand. That is why there is, and can be, no ultimate solution of any human problem by a denial of Him. That is why the ‘application of Christian principles’ is essential to any sure-founded League of Nations. Therefore is He indeed the Hope of the world, for only He understands and can bring forth its harmonies. Only He knows its true health

and can heal its wounds. Only as we build in accordance with the principles which His character and teaching express, will our work be truly beneficent and lasting. He is content to wait and to win by love, but Love will win through in the end for He loves to the uttermost.

Lastly—and this seems to me, at least, the crowning glory of the Christian Gospel—man when he aspires to his utmost height is reaching out to God. God has identified Himself with man's character. We may conceive of God in terms of human goodness, only He infinitely transcends it.

That surely is what Robert Browning meant when he wrote :

'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for !
 my flesh, that I seek
In the Godhead ! I seek and I find it. O
 Saul it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee : a
 Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, for ever :
 a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to
 thee ! See the Christ stand !

When the keenest human intellects and the purest souls and the bravest spirits reach out to conceive what man is meant to be, what he would be at his best, then they are reaching out towards God—are seeking dimly to image Jesus. Take for instance Robert Browning's glorious *Epilogue* and read it

thinking of Him ; and you will see that it is true, only it is bafflingly inadequate.

One who never turned his back, but marched
breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
 wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
better,
Sleep to wake.

.

It was a hard task to win that old war. It is an infinitely harder one to build upon its ruins the temple of a fairer world. The work may be slow and halting, but you will see to it that it be *true*. You will seek for yourselves a new understanding of the principles of Jesus, you will apply them to your own lives, to society and industry and to the affairs of nations, and you will humbly but courageously seek to bear to the ends of the earth that light of the knowledge of the glory of God which you have seen in the face of Jesus Christ. And in the perplexing and troublous moments of your Temple building—as in your own doubts and temptations—you will look up with the old question in your hearts, ‘Lord, to whom shall we go ? THOU hast the words of eternal life.’



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Besides many well-known standard histories, biographies, and works of reference, the following books (in addition to those referred to in the footnotes of the text) are suggested for reading in conjunction with the six chapters of this book. Two books have been starred in each list as especially to be recommended in relation to the theme of the chapter.

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